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CHAOTIC. What other term describes our political condition? In Wisconsin Senator La Follette sweeps the State by a majority of more than 200,000 for his "radicalism" and his unqualified opposition to Harding and his policies. But Maine gives a somewhat better than normal vote for the Republicans while, as we go to press, Henry Cabot Lodge appears to have triumphed easily over the weak opposition to him in the primaries. In Maryland Senator France heads the Republican poll despite all the charges brought against him of undue liberalism and friendliness to Soviet Russia. In Mississippi, on the other hand, Ex-Senator Vardaman went down before a much more moderate pro-Wilson, pro-League of Nations Democrat. There is no need to mourn his loss, although of late years he had taken some excellent positions. One of the worst inciters to race hatred in this country ever since he made his first spectacular entry into Jackson dressed in white, attended by a dozen girls in white, and drawn in a white carriage by sixteen white oxen—all typifying his devotion to Anglo-Saxon purity—Mr. Vardaman was a past master of the Southern art of rising to office by abusing the Negro. His dislike of the war and the Treaty of Versailles was his redeeming quality. To return to the Republicans, there is plainly nothing in these latest returns from the polls, outside of Wisconsin, to deter the Republicans from their brazen tariff robbery, their Hardingism, and their Daughertyism. Hence, their hopes of holding the House in November will correspondingly rise.

ONLY a brief year ago Mr. Will Hays was hymning the praises of the Minneapolis postmaster, Edward A. Purdy, a man "with a batting average of 1,000, though a Democrat." He was called to a higher sphere of usefulness and his model office, now presided over by one Arch Coleman, a staunch Republican, is being investigated. It seems that most of the Minneapolis post-office workers belong to the National Federation of Post-Office Clerks and one of their number, George N. Meyers, was elected president of the Minneapolis Trades and Labor Assembly. At the meeting at which he was elected president the Assembly adopted a resolution strongly denouncing President Harding's stand on the railroad strike. Mr. Meyers did not vote on the resolution because, as he states, "it has been the policy of the Post-Office Clerks' delegate to refrain from voting on strike matters since the National Federation of Post-Office Clerks is a non-strike organization." Nevertheless, the postmaster regarded Mr. Meyers's presence at the meeting as approval of the resolution which is "conduct highly improper for an employee of the United States Government." On August 1 Mr. Meyers was summarily discharged "for the good of the service," though he had been publicly praised by Mr. Purdy for his help in making the Minneapolis post-office a model of efficiency. The workers believe that the present investigation is intended to whitewash Mr. Coleman and get new ammunition for the Post-Office Department's attack on the independence of the National Federation. The matter is of public concern because we cannot afford to allow the precedent to be established that a Government employee may not be a member of a labor body which criticizes the President.

AMERICAN office holders rarely die and never resign. Hence the extraordinary interest aroused by the resignation of Supreme Court Justice Clarke at the age of sixty-five in order to find time to advocate the League of Nations and to read some of the many volumes upon which he has set his heart. His action alters the complexion of the Supreme Court not at all, for he has been succeeded by ex-Senator Sutherland, a lawyer of the conventional type but possessed of ability and learning, who can be depended upon to uphold the existing order and defend property against all comers quite as strongly as his predecessor. The nearest approach on his part to any liberalism of which we know was his warm support of the La Follette seaman's law. The chief reason for his appointment seems, however, to have been the fact that he was a warm personal friend of Mr. Harding—*absit omen!* It now looks as if Mr. Harding would have the making over of the Supreme Court, which is a drear outlook indeed. For Justice Day is said to be contemplating retirement and in the nature of events Justice Holmes will soon be lost to the court; all too soon, since he and Justice Brandeis are the most liberal and the most steeped in true Americanism. There is plainly nothing to be hoped for from the court until there is a spirit of greater liberalism in the country.

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IN Lawrence, Massachusetts, the textile workers have won their long-drawn-out strike against a wage cut. But the struggle continues in Manchester, New Hampshire, and in the Pawtuxet Valley of Rhode Island. If the workers lose in these centers the victory in Lawrence will be short-lived. The strike in the Pawtuxet Valley has lasted since January 23, 1922. It is difficult for men and women in comfortable places to realize what that fact means in terms of heroic endurance and steadfast loyalty to one another and the common cause. The attitude of the employers has been insolent and domineering. They claimed that the wage cut was forced by "southern competition"; it was proved that they own mills in the South and are therefore their own competitors. Moreover, the cut they sought would actually bring real wages below even the Southern standard, and this although the United States Census of 1919 shows that the wage value of mill products per wage earner is $200 higher in the North than in the South. The workers charge that the Consolidated Textile Corporation, owning many mills in the valley, is 100 per cent over-capitalized; they offer to return to work if arbitrators decide on the basis of costs that a wage reduction is necessary. The corporation refuses to show its books. So the weary struggle goes on, not for a living wage, but to maintain the old wage which is less than that required by any of the standard budgets. Only starvation can defeat the strikers and their defeat would be a crime against humanity.

A GOOD many valid objections have been made against the poll on prohibition and on a bonus for soldiers, which has just been completed by the *Literary Digest*. Yet, everything considered, the undertaking is a remarkable journalistic feat, and the result is the closest approach to a popular referendum that we have had on either question. The views of some ten million persons, or about one-third of the total voters of the country, were sought, of whom more than 900,000 responded. The completed vote on the bonus shows 466,814 (51.2 per cent) in favor and 444,221 (48.8 per cent) opposed. On the liquor issue 356,193 (38.6 per cent) persons favor the continuance and strict enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law, 376,334 (40.8 per cent) are for modification of the enforcement act to permit light wines and beer, and 189,856 (20.6 per cent) want the amendment repealed. The special canvass of 2,200,000 women shows to date 48,485 for strict enforcement, 39,914 for modification, and 20,448 for repeal, thus revealing this sex as only slightly "drier" than the general average. But in spite of the fact that the *Digest's* poll, if accurate, indicates 60 per cent of the voters as opposed to the present Volstead enforcement law, there is no reason to believe that that measure will be modified in the near future. The present Congress is definitely "dry" and its successor is apparently to be "drier." Straw votes may show which way the wind blows, but not what our national legislature will do in those breezes.

LIKE a car of juggernaut the Fordney-McCumber tariff rolls toward its goal. Despite its obvious dangers and cruelties, it lumbers on with none to stop it. The conference committee of the House and the Senate has reached an agreement which rejects the American valuation plan—although Representative Fordney had said he would fight it out on that line if it took all winter—but incorporates virtually all of the excesses of both Houses. Indeed the conference committee has gone farther and has restored the embargo on foreign dyes which the House had eliminated from the bill and the Senate had not put back. This at the very moment when the Government is attacking in the courts the title to the German patents obtained by the Chemical Foundation, propagandist-in-chief of the embargo campaigners. Congress could hardly fall lower.

AT last we know the exact facts as to the French army, thanks to an official statement to the League of Nations. It consists of 690,000 men, of which 92,000 are in Germany or on the Rhine, 70,000 are carrying out treaty obligations in the Sarre, Syria, the Cameroons, and Togoland, 193,000 are preventing the native populations in the French colonies from rising against France, and 335,000 are stationed in France proper. Of the total of 690,000 now under arms (725,000 is the number authorized by the new French law) 375,000 are white conscripts, 205,000 colonial natives forced into military servitude, 10,000 are foreigners, and no less than 100,000 are professional soldiers. This gives France about 240,000 more troops than the Kaiser had at the outbreak of the war when he was supposed to be planning for a conquest of the world. What a "piker" he was! The French declare frankly in this report that fear of Germany compels them to maintain the 427,000 men under arms on the Continent, although a French general, Nollet, who is the head of the Disarmament Commission, reports that he has been into "every nook and corner in Germany in which arms could be concealed" and that he considers her completely disarmed. Naturally it is not especially pleasant for Americans to read these figures and then recall that they went to war to end militarism on the Continent and that the French insist that they are too poor to pay us even the interest on the war debt.

WHEN is an ultimatum not an ultimatum? Answer: when it is addressed to Cuba by General Crowder. It makes no difference that the press and people of Cuba seemed to think that the special emissary of President Harding had delivered an ultimatum. Our Department of State insists that it was not an ultimatum and that settles it, even though the settlement is one that leaves a good many grounds still sailing around in the insular coffee-pot. General Crowder—whether as an ultimatum or merely as an antepenultimatum—seems to have made five demands upon Cuba as the price of further friendly consideration by the Washington Administration and the financial moguls in New York City: (1) reform of the government accounting methods; (2) changes in the civil service system; (3) payment of current indebtedness; (4) reform of the judiciary; (5) flotation of a foreign loan. The "foreign loan" is more accurately an American loan. Its conditions are not yet exactly determined but, ultimatum or no ultimatum, Cuba should reject any arrangement which impairs her sovereignty in the manner of various other loans pending or recently placed in Caribbean republics by our financial imperialists in Wall Street.

THE Greeks have been swept into the sea, their army broken and routed; Constantine faces revolt and a probable demand for abdication; and in Smyrna the victorious Turks are applying themselves to the task of restoring order and fighting the plague among hundreds of thousands of refugees and terror-stricken inhabitants. So

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much for the course of events in Greece and in Asia Minor; their consequences are likely to go far beyond those limits. In two weeks Turkey has upset the plans of all Europe. Great Britain's control of Constantinople and the Straits and of all the Mediterranean approaches to the East is threatened, a new wave of Moslem unrest will doubtless sweep through India and Mesopotamia, Persia and Egypt and Afghanistan. When the Venice Conference on Near Eastern Affairs finally meets it will face an accomplished fact of the most convincing sort, and a set determination on the part of the Turkish envoys to climb back into Europe, via Thrace—a determination which France will probably support in the hope of check-mating Great Britain. The consequences of the Greek defeat cannot be measured in miles of territory lost or in numbers of men slaughtered.

ARE the Japanese really leaving Siberia? Until Vladivostok and the strategic points on the rivers and along the railway are free of troops, we have little faith in minor evacuations or in the announced intentions of officials. For nearly four years Japan has done its best to ruin Siberia. It has occupied Siberian towns with its troops, and, had it not been for the presence of the Inter-Allied Board, would undoubtedly have seized the Trans-Siberian railway and its branches. Its army has killed and burned and plundered. It has supported the forces of counter-revolution and disorder. It has impeded at every step the development of a democratic republican government in the country. At the Washington Conference the Powers heard the case against Japan—though the Far Eastern Republic was not allowed representation when its fate was under discussion—and dismissed the defendant with a mild warning. If the Japanese army is actually evacuating Siberia it is due to pressure from the Soviet Government, which is in consultation with the Japanese at Chang-chung and is in a position to bring pressure to bear.

WE commented last week on the tragedy of E. F. Doree, a political prisoner to whom pardon was refused in spite of the probably fatal illness of his little son. The paragraph had hardly left our hands—had not yet reached all of our readers—when it was announced that the President had commuted Doree's sentence, to take effect immediately. The act is evidence of the President's humanitarian sense. Would that his sense of justice were equally great, so that he would hasten to free the other seventy-five men who have paid so long and so dearly for their opinions and their consciences!

THAT the American farmer is the self-conscious, highly organized individual suggested by Mr. Lansdon in his article on the tariff and the farmer on another page of this issue of *The Nation* we very much doubt. We hardly believe that he is yet capable of making "full, profitable, and understanding use" of the malevolent power offered him by the tariff. At the same time, Mr. Lansdon's warning of the possibility of limiting production is worth heeding. If the Fordney-McCumber measure drives the American farmer to the point of even attempting to do so, the world faces incredible disaster. Mr. Lansdon realizes that fact and his suggestion that the agricultural interests may use this means of securing prosperity in the face of destructive customs duties constitutes one of the sharpest and most effective attacks the tariff has had to meet. No one can even forecast the evils so gigantic a wrong to the American people and all the world might bring in its train.

CALVIN COOLIDGE, whom mythology has set up as the man who saved Massachusetts at the time of the Boston police strike—although in fact he did nothing until it was over—and who thereby was elected Vice President of the United States, had an unhappy quarter of an hour at the State fair in Minnesota. The day was hot and he was making a speech—a trying combination for frail humanity—when someone started a cry to close the oratory and start the horse races. A hubbub arose in which the Coolidge voice was drowned, and the crowd adjourned to the track. A writer in the New York *Times* takes the Minnesota audience to task for its lack of politeness, especially to a man of such "eminence and respectability." Now the Minnesota audience was certainly impolite, but we do not think there was any added misbehavior because of Mr. Coolidge's "eminence and respectability." We question the right of a man to any respect that his personality does not command merely because he holds office and wears a high hat. Besides there were extenuating circumstances (including the horse races). E. W. Howe, the philosopher of Kansas, once said that he had found it a safe rule in life to avoid any entertainment that was described to him as an "intellectual treat." We would expand this by laying it down as a safe rule to avoid: (1) a hot day; (2) almost any public speech; (3) every public speech by Mr. Coolidge. The prospect of an "intellectual treat" is bad enough, but in the case of the Vice President the appalling thought arises: How intellectual could a treat by Mr. Coolidge be?

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT, whose death is reported from London, was one of the most remarkable personalities of the world of today. An extraordinarily copious writer, he has left a diary of the secret history of his own times which ought to be as useful to the chronicler of the political and military events of the last forty years as Pepys' is to him who would record the England of that extraordinary diarist. Certainly no one can understand the events which led up to the war without reading the thousand pages of volume one and volume two of Blunt's Diaries, published in 1919 and 1920, which have been deliberately ignored or brushed aside by the important personages affected by it and, in considerable degree, by the British press. His observations of the war itself—to which, although anti-Kaiser, he refused to subscribe on the ground that British participation had no more honorable cause than "that of our dread of a too powerful commercial rivalry and the fear of Kaiser Wilhelm's forcing France, if we stood aside, into a commercial alliance with him against us in the markets of the world"—may now soon appear. At one time a co-worker with Herbert Spencer, he was the friend of many of the leading British scientists, while his pictures of such men as Alfred Austin, Henley, Meredith, Asquith, Balfour (whom he described as "hard, cruel, courageous, and cynical"), and many others throw a searchlight upon recent history. Too brave, too outspoken, too truthful to lend himself to the shams and deceptions of modern political life, he became unpopular at home. But nothing daunted him in his devotion to the life he chose and in his exposure of the diplomatic conditions which brought on the war and reduced all the world to its present state.

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Treachery to the War

OF all the crimes committed by Premier Poincaré before, during, and after the war nothing, it seems to us as Americans, quite exceeds his declaration on September 1 in his note to the British Government that: "One cannot forget, nevertheless, that the United States entered the war *without its existence being directly menaced. . . .*" If that be not treason to an ally, what could be? Were we Americans not assured by hordes of speakers from members of the Cabinet down to some thousands of Liberty Loan orators that we were fighting for the very life of our beloved Republic? Did we not have the highest assurance that if Germany defeated France we should be the next victims, since the conquest of the United States was scheduled in Berlin to take place immediately after the fall of Paris? Against iconoclasm of the Poincaré kind we protest with all our vigor and we beg to serve notice upon the French that if it continues the most sacred of alliances will be in peril.

We protest all the more emphatically because this new habit of attacking our most sacred beliefs about the war and its causes is spreading in the most unsettling way. There is Philip Kerr, for instance, for so long Lloyd George's right-hand man and confidential secretary. At the Williamstown Institute of Politics last month this renegade calmly declared that the Kaiser was not wholly to blame for the war. He even went so far as to say that no one person was responsible for firing the train. "What was it," he asked, "that finally swept all Europe headlong into the war? It was the military time table." He then explained that as soon as Austria mobilized, the Russian General Staff felt bound to do so; whereupon the German General Staff did the same, since its whole plan for winning a European war "depended upon the capacity of the German army to mobilize a few days faster than the French and to crush them before the Russians could take the field. . . . But did the Kaiser or any German or any Austrian press the button for war? Nothing that I have read or heard has proved to me that any responsible person deliberately set fire to the train." Good heavens, what becomes then of the whole theory of that wonderful film, "The Beast of Berlin," of the hang-the-Kaiser crusade of which Mr. Kerr's employer, Lloyd George, was the most vociferous exponent at the close of the war? Above all else, what remains of the theory that the Germans had planned the war, set "The Day," and were acting in accordance with a long-conceived plan to dominate and to conquer the world?

Quite naturally the New York *Tribune* goes for Mr. Kerr. It would have expected this sort of thing from the editor of *The Nation*, but that such treason should come from the man closest to the British Premier it cannot forgive. And so it applies the proper castigation; henceforth Philip Kerr is righteously condemned to go through life hallmarked by the *Tribune* as pro-Kaiser. Alas, this sort of reexamination of history in the light of the morning after is not limited even to Englishmen. It is spreading to America. So we have a book just published in London* by an American, Frederick Bausman, which has made a sensation there and has been widely discussed in the English press. It is entitled "Let France Explain," and it sets forth with much documentary material some of the intrigues which led up to the war in a way to encourage those Germans who insist that the whole responsibility does not rest upon their nation but primarily upon the Austrians and only secondarily upon their own leaders. Now, of course, it will be easy to dispose of this disturber of well-established beliefs. He has a German name and that is enough; it will not avail him that his family has been a hundred and fifty years in this country, that he never had any German connections, and that, having served most honorably for years as a justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington, he may be supposed to have learned something about the weighing of evidence. The "one guilty nation" theory shall not be destroyed by him. The *Tribune* need only point to his name and call him a pro-Kaiser Dutchman, and his capacity for unsettling the truths of history will have been ended.

Far more serious we consider another domestic happening—the renomination of Robert La Follette as Senator in Wisconsin by a majority of more than 200,000, the greatest triumph ever won in that State and one of the greatest ever achieved in our political history. Only five years ago this man was being denounced from one end of the country to the other as a traitor. He opposed the war and made no bones of his opposition. From pulpit, from forum, in the press, and in the Congress he was denounced as an enemy to his country and a friend to its foe. The Senate nearly expelled him. The death of some of our soldiers was laid at his door by those who were pleased to believe that his opposition to the American participation in the struggle was stimulating the enemy to greater efforts. Men demanded everywhere his arrest and imprisonment. His name became an epithet. Never, in short, did any one receive more drastic and concentrated public condemnation. Had he been up for election then, he must have been driven out of public life by an overwhelming vote. Now, deplorable as it is, he is renominated almost as if by acclamation without having repented, without having done penance—indeed throughout his campaign he has gloried in his shame. So he, the man who was charged with defending the sinking of the Lusitania, whom people expelled from clubs and shunned as he passed on the street, has come into unprecedented power.

Incredible as it seems, it now looks as if the plain American people were falling away from the true faith about the war and were beginning to follow those benighted ones, pacifists and others, who treasonably declared that we had no place in the war and that no good could come out of it for us or for humanity. How weak is our public opinion! Here is Samuel Gompers himself, who during the war could not denounce violently enough men of this white-livered type, saying that "Bob La Follette is a great American," while Gompers's own cohorts are talking of nominating La Follette for the Presidency two years hence. Alas! The New York *Times*, upon which we fondly thought we might rely in any event, in a column leader of explanation of La Follette's victory never once recalled that he was pro-German, that he was one of the "twelve wilful men" denounced by President Wilson as disturbers of the making of war, that he was a traitor to the war. Did the *Times* not say on January 19, 1919, that "no resolution of the Senate, nothing but a steady, patriotic conduct can restore him to public confidence?" How can it let such a man achieve one of the greatest electoral victories and go unwhipped for his sins in regard to the war, in which he brazenly glories today as when he committed them?

* George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.

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Saving Buffalo from Bolshevism

THERE may be Americans still in ignorance of the fact that a whole band of Philadelphians—take it from a paid advertisement in the *Public Ledger*—has been delivering Buffalo, N. Y., by substituting "the Star-Spangled Banner for the Red Flag of Anarchy and Lawlessness." To this task they gave up their vacations; they "ate the brick-bats," and "proved that in industry there do exist principles for which men will fight." Such heroism, thank Heaven, was not wholly unrewarded. S. Haslam, who writes a breezy letter from the shores of Lake Erie, tells home-keeping Philadelphians: "I never felt better in my life. We get good food and plenty of it, good sleeping accommodations and plenty recreation, and altogether we are having a nice time." How many vacationists at your expensive summer resorts could say as much? And besides here is gratitude. Mr. Haslam tells us: "It is a common thing for the passengers to come to me and say: 'Well, conductor, that is the most pleasant ride I have had for a long time.'"

By this time, gentle reader, you may have guessed, despite our awkwardness in introducing them, that Mr. Haslam and his fellow heroes were manning Buffalo's street cars because the regular employees were inconsiderate enough to strike. The idol of the Philadelphia transit workers, as scores of feature writers have told us and as he himself admits, is Mr. T. E. Mitten, president of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. He is also chairman of the Board of Directors of the Buffalo system. He is the link between bolshevist Buffalo and its Pennsylvania saviors. It was he who sent men from the Philadelphia system to run the cars abandoned by the strikers in Buffalo. Mr. Alfred C. Kellogg, one of the heroes, whose talents as an author ought to bring him rich reward as a press agent for any chamber of commerce, draws a lurid picture of violence and crime—without giving particulars—all of which he charges to that abominable institution, the union. Mr. Haslam was of different mood. "I guess you will wonder why I have not mentioned any trouble. To tell you the truth, I have not seen any trouble at all. . . . All the damage that is being done is by the jitneys and that is considerable; that is financially, and the sooner they get them off the streets the quicker it will be over." This horrendous conspiracy of union labor and jitneys is, sad to tell, backed by the Mayor himself. To a serious thinker like Mr. Kellogg the tragedy is real. Here are employees of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company who have come to Buffalo to show their devotion to their beloved Mitten plan, to save the city, and "to hold the Buffalo men's jobs open to them"—no strike-breaking, that—and neither the men nor the Mayor are willing to be saved. The ignorant workers prefer unionism to "Mittenism." Alas for human folly!

So moved were we by this Philadelphia opinion of Buffalo that we made some inquiry among citizens of that unfortunate town. This is what we learned: The strike began July 1, when the company refused to sign a written contract covering the wage scale with the union. The union demanded recognition but not the closed shop. As is usually the case in American towns, the strike was attended by some indefensible violence, which is now a thing of the past—though it has been alleged that company representatives uphold law and order by breaking glass bottles over the pavements at night to make trouble for automobiles. Official and public sentiment turned against the company because of its record of miserable service, its refusal to arbitrate, and its legal fight on jitneys. The company offers to substitute for the union the "Mitten plan" of "employee cooperation" which has been successful in Philadelphia. One of Buffalo's best known citizens writes:

> The strike was unwise but the company is unpopular. The men say that the Philadelphia "Mitten plan" is benevolent feudalism and that they want democracy. They also want a written contract. The company is losing even more heavily than the men but refuses to recognize the union though it pays through the nose for not doing so. . . . In half the city the cars are almost empty instead of having the usual sardine service. The irregular jitneys at ten cents are patronized if possible though the car fare is only seven cents or four for a quarter.

The Buffalo *Express* says editorially that even where legal proceedings have stopped the jitneys owners of private cars "take their own friends downtown," so unpopular is the company.

Rather a different version this than that we read in the *Public Ledger's* advertisement. But we do not tell the story as a tale of two cities. Its significance lies rather in the proof it gives of something we have always feared: namely, that company unions or plans of employee representation which specifically eliminate the national organization of the workers do not mean real democracy or real brotherhood. They are on the contrary a device to set worker against worker. If Alfred C. Kellogg of Philadelphia really thinks he is setting an "example of patriotism" before the "very eyes" of Buffalo by fighting for "Mittenism"—which he identifies as democracy in contrast to bolshevism—he is profoundly to be pitied. The truth is that he and his companions are no heroes or patriots but only strike-breakers.

Daugherty's Dud

AT the moment when a compliant Federal judge in Chicago granted Attorney General Daugherty the temporary injunction against the railway strikers the proceeding had the aspect of a sixteen-inch shell projected into the air, which in falling might cause great havoc. But the shell belched forth by the Department of Justice's Big Bertha has fallen and, in soldier parlance, has turned out to be a dud.

Almost unanimously the press and public greeted the injunction first with amazement, then with disapproval, and finally with derision. Most even of the New York dailies, normally thick-and-thin supporters of the employing classes and of "law and order," found the Daugherty pill too much to swallow. It is no small victory for old-fashioned Americanism and common sense when thousands of persons—too many for all the jails in Christendom—decide to laugh in the face of a Federal judge and a not long since all-powerful Department of Justice. For it should be recalled that nothing like this happened three years ago when Attorney General Palmer obtained an even more dangerous and unjustified Federal injunction tying up the funds of the United Mine Workers and compelling its officers to call off the coal strike. Then, except for an inconsiderable minority, the newspapers applauded the Government, and the same Mr. Gompers who assailed the Daugherty procedure as a be-

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trayal of labor by the Republicans raised never an eyelid against a similar betrayal by the Democrats.

Not only did the public in general repudiate the railway injunction shortly after it was issued, but Mr. Daugherty himself was obliged to repudiate it a little later. For his explanation that the Government "hasn't any intention of abridging personal liberty or constitutional rights of free speech" was nothing less. The injunction meant everything or it meant nothing. If Mr. Daugherty did not propose to block free speech and free organization, there was nothing to enjoin; violence or physical interference by the strikers was already punishable under the criminal law. As the New York *Evening Post* pertinently remarked: "If Mr. Daugherty really believes that the injunction for which he applied does not invade the constitutional guarantee of free speech, he is, if possible, even more unfit to be Attorney General than he had already demonstrated."

Of course the unfitness of Mr. Daugherty ought to have been evident long before now. He never had any qualification better than having sold his friendship with President Taft for a lawyer's fee in his successful effort to get Charles W. Morse out of jail on grounds that turned out to be fraudulent. In the hands of the Democrats in the coming Congressional campaign Daugherty's dud will be anything but harmless. The Attorney General has not only harmed himself politically but the entire Harding Administration.

But popular feeling in the present situation will be futile if it resolves itself merely into a demand that "Daugherty must go," or that the Republican Party must be turned out and replaced by the Democrats. The Harding Administration, as already pointed out, has attempted nothing worse against the railway strikers than public sentiment allowed a Democratic Administration to do in the coal crisis of 1919. The public should demand not a change of individuals or parties but a cessation of that government by threat and by executive fiat that the war developed; the American people should insist upon legislation which will take away from our courts the power to supersede with injunctions the orderly processes and punishments of the law.

Yachting To The Fore

"AMERICANS Make Clean Sweep." Why, of course. We expected our quartet of six-meter yachts to cross the line before any British boat reached it and we have no question that they will win the series of which this was the first race. In an athletic week of varying fortunes for America, during which the Australians took the lawn tennis doubles in the matches for the Davis cup, and the Argentine polo team defeated our stars, we counted on our sailors to reach the finish line first.

This yachting victory pleases us because our faith in our designers and sailormen is nationalistic enough to satisfy the American Legion and all our hundred-per-centers. We are still, we admit, smarting from the defeat inflicted upon us by our brothers, the Canadians, in the fishermen's race of last fall. The race committee then barred out our handsome Gloucester Mayflower, with her tall, towering spars—so lofty as to make one wonder why they do not drive her hull clear under in a real breeze—on the ground that she was too palpably a racing machine to be a bona fide fisherman. Well, month after month the Mayflower sails in and out of Gloucester earning money for her owners, who seem to think her a genuine enough fisherman; but then the new trial races will soon be on and we shall forget all about the Mayflower incident in the deeds of the new contestants in what is one of the best sporting events ever established. And we do not tremble a bit when we read that Sir Thomas Lipton is going to make one more effort to lift the America's cup. Somehow or other we can't believe that he will achieve his purpose if there is enough money left in the New York Yacht Club to supply a new contestant or to bring out the old ones. That handicap of a sea voyage from England before the race seems in itself to be ideal protective tariff.

On the other hand, we shall not be altogether sad if this international race does not take place. The truth is that these contests in the past have had a harmful effect upon the development of American yachting in general. For the Resolutes and Reliances and Independences gave rise to a fleet of smaller imitators of their freak designs which typified anything but seaworthiness. We admit that there is room for two types of yachts: the racing boat and the cruising boat. But the difficulty is that the men who turned out cruising boats let themselves be guided by the international racers. And so we had long overhangs, fin keels, and spoon bows—boats that pounded their heads off in a seaway, opened up their seams when they went to windward in heavy rollers, and fled to the nearest shelter when there were signs of real breezes. Latterly, thank fortune, we have been getting away from this sort of thing; we have been developing a type of yacht which hasn't the graces of the delicately finished, thin-hulled semi-racer, but which, if it is blown off shore in a gale, can make the best kind of weather of it. Heavily built, these boats can sail to Bermuda or to Florida or even across the seas, as Mr. John Kelly has just done with complete safety in his fifty-foot schooner with his crew of four. Of these new craft a fine type is the Ladona, a pole-masted auxiliary schooner from the boards of Mr. W. H. Hand, Jr., the New Bedford designer. There is a boat to make a true sailorman's heart leap within him, for if but eighty-feet over all, she is as staunch in her way as any Cunarder. This is the true type for the American cruising boat. Any international contest which would lead our designers or our yachtsmen to turn back to the skimming-dish would be a misfortune.

Altogether our yachting today is not in a bad way. It is true that the great sailing yachts have mostly disappeared. The hard times and the income tax have forced the wealthy to abandon the big schooners and sloops and even in building their new power yachts to abandon steam for boats as large as 180 feet, turning to the Diesel engine with its ridiculously small engine-room staffs. But while the big sailing boat is becoming more of a rarity the smaller craft have come into their own. There has been wonderful racing on Long Island Sound this summer, and all that one wants the introduction of the one-design classes, and particularly the coming of the "star-boat," have done wonders for the younger sailors. There was a competition this year between the boys and girls of Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut clubs which furnished admirable training in seamanship and gave pleasure galore. Some of our yacht clubs are in a parlous state; the old hard-drinking, "rocking-chair fleet" of the piazzas has gone. The automobile has cut deep; many a struggling club has actually disappeared. And yet in every yachting harbor on the coast there is the belief that yachting is coming back, that the tide has turned, and that the sport will be on a sounder basis than ever.

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These United States—XII*

TENNESSEE: Three-Quarters of Bewilderment

By E. E. MILLER

NO Tennessee orator feels he has done his full duty until he has expatiated on the State's diversity of soil and climate and its variety of scenery and resource: "A mighty empire in itself, stretching from the cloud-crowned summits of the Great Smokies to the sun-kissed banks of the mighty Father of Waters, an empire capable of yielding every product of temperate climes and dowered with every natural resource necessary to the well-being of man"—every one of us who grew up in the State has heard it time and again.

It is largely true. Nature has done her part. In the east balsam-clad mountains with the flora of New York and New England; in the west cotton fields with their billowy whiteness. Cranberries grow in the mountain bogs; muscadines and figs ripen in the lower valleys.

The population is as diversified as the topography. Back in the mountains dwell the living types and characters of Charles Egbert Craddock and John Fox. In secluded cabin settlements men and women of scant "book larnin" but of keen native sense tend little patches of ground in pioneer fashion, sometimes hauling the crops on sleds from fields too steep for a wagon. Here survive the old-time hand industries—spinning, weaving, basket-making. The roads still wind up the creek beds and the ridges are crossed by foot-beaten trails. The coves are searched for "sang," and the squirrel rifle not only helps supply the mountaineers' larder, but serves at times to settle—or to perpetuate—inherited family disputes or to speed inquisitive "revenooers" back to the lowlands. With an individuality and a picturesqueness of life that should be preserved, the hill country has also a poverty that often makes life squalid and an ignorance that in many cases blurs the mental vision and stunts the soul. The problem of the mountains is how to preserve the individuality of mountain life and thought while bringing to the more backward districts the opportunity for better educational development and more profitable work.

In the old days the current of slavery flowed around the southern hill country and hemmed the mountaineers in a little continent of their own. Poor, untaught, but independent and self-assertive, they saw in the rich slave owner of the cotton country or the bluegrass lands a "furriner" with whom they had neither tastes nor interests in common. They came to hate slavery and the wealth and culture it produced. The feeling persists in the more remote districts, and to this day the mountain people have to some extent remained cut off from the rest of the world, while an ingrained conservatism has held them to the manners of life and modes of thought of seventy-five or a hundred years ago. Though closely related by blood to the dweller in the lowlands the hill man has been kept so distinct by environment and economic heritage as often to be thought a race apart. To be sure, the mountain traditions are gradually giving way, and the hill country is not all ignorance and poverty, feudists and moonshiners. Uninformed people in Boston and New York sometimes seem to think so, and then good Tennesseeans tear their hair and speak evil words.

In the center of the State, in the Bluegrass, are the remains of an ante-bellum aristocracy, a country-dwelling gentry, prosperous farmers who once raised speedy trotters and showy saddle horses. The love of them has not yet departed from the land, even though Jerseys and Shorthorns and Southdowns now graze on the rolling pastures and motor cars on the hard, white limestone roads outnumber the trotting horse a hundred to one. The Bluegrass is one of nature's beauty spots, and is loved of all who see it. Its inhabitants are not always so loved. They have a certain sense of superiority that cannot always conceal itself, and that is sometimes galling to the people of other parts of the State.

Beyond the Bluegrass lies a stretch of poorer country—the Highland Rim—and then comes the true cotton belt of tenant farming and supply stores and many Negroes, which differs widely from the Bluegrass in appearance, in its people, its habits of life and thought, and more closely resembles Mississippi or Georgia. With the mountain country of the Unakas or the Cumberlands it has as little in common as with Pennsylvania or Illinois.

In one Tennessee county the last census showed but eleven Negroes. In another there were three blacks to every white. In some sections the man who votes the Democratic ticket is looked upon with suspicion by his neighbors, in others a few lost and lonely Republicans look to the game laws for protection.

This diversity of country and population offers fine oratorical opportunities and gives the basis for a certain kind of pride, but it holds for us distinct disadvantages. For one thing, it has made smaller the unit of our provincialism; it has made us think in terms of our section rather than of our State. "East Tennessee," "Middle Tennessee," "West Tennessee," are not only fixed phrases in our vocabulary, but actual divisions recognized in our law-making. Members of our State Railway Commission, Board of Education, and Tax Commission are parceled out by legislation among the "three Grand Divisions of the State." When we established a State training school for teachers we had to establish three of them so that all sections could be taken care of. Other State institutions are similarly distributed, except the Penitentiary, which is generously conceded to the capital.

Our diversity of environment has also done much to prevent our having any definite State ideal or any State-wide enthusiasm. We have had no real State hero since the pioneer days. The list began with John Sevier and ended with Andrew Jackson. We have not had any great State figures largely because we have not had State ideals, and we have not had State ideals largely because we have not known

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This is the twelfth article in the series entitled These United States. The first was on the State of Kansas by William Allen White (April 19), the second on Maryland by H. L. Mencken (May 3), the third on Mississippi by Beulah Amidon Ratliff (May 17), the fourth on Vermont by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (May 31), the fifth on New Jersey by Edmund Wilson, Jr. (June 14), the sixth on Utah by Murray E. King (June 28), the seventh on South Carolina by Ludwig Lewisohn (July 12), the eighth on Nevada by Anne Martin (July 26), the ninth on Ohio by Sherwood Anderson (August 9), the tenth on Maine by Robert Herrick (August 23), and the eleventh on Delaware by Arthur Warner (September 6).

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or cared much about the very different people at the other end of the State. We inherited from the Civil War not merely a sharp political cleavage between east and west; the economic cleavage is as great. The farming in the Valley of East Tennessee is essentially different from that of West Tennessee. Certain larger problems are common, but the home-owning, self-supporting farmer in a land of mixed farming has neither the same methods, nor the same needs, nor the same outlook as the farmer of a sale-crop, tenant-farmed section. Our cities vary as much as our country districts. Memphis is the commercial center of a great agricultural region; it prospers or suffers with the prosperity or adversity of a hundred thousand cotton farms in Tennessee, Mississippi, and Arkansas. Chattanooga is a manufacturing town, looking outside the State for a market for most of its products. Nashville is the trading headquarters of a grain and live-stock farming section. There is no real State center of industry, of interest, or of thought.

We have been from the first essentially a political people. The men who laid the foundations of the State—Sevier, Jackson, Crockett—were equally ready to fight or to run for office, and what genius the State has so far displayed has been in these directions. So many Tennesseeans went to the early wars that Tennessee soon became known as the Volunteer State. Every normal Tennesseean since the first settlers crossed the Smokies has been a potential, if not an active, politician, and early in its history Tennessee became a doubtful and pivotal State in national elections. From Monroe to Lincoln it was largely what Ohio has been since the Civil War—a State which might decide presidential campaigns and which kept ready to run for President a supply of safe and sane mediocrities. Andrew Jackson, of course, was not considered exactly safe and sane by the "best minds" of his time. Neither was he a mediocrity. Nor was Hugh Lawson White, whom Jackson kept out of the Presidency, but the colorless James Knox Polk was the perfect prophecy of a succession of Ohio presidential candidates, successful and otherwise. The estimable John Bell —the choice of his own and two other States for President when Lincoln was elected—carried on the tradition of eminent mediocrity and closed his political career trying to reconcile the irreconcilable and to hold together the North and the South by keeping one foot on either side of the chasm that was widening between them.

The war brought a new type of leader. Isham G. Harris, greatest of "rebel" war governors, succeeded in dragging the State out of the Union after it had voted to stay in. When the Federal forces were closing in on Nashville he took the State funds and fled to Mexico. Soon Andrew Johnson, the anti-slavery, anti-secession Democrat—rude, untaught, ungenerous, but with an ability and a love of country not yet generally appreciated—became military governor, to be succeeded when he became Vice-President by the erratic and odoriferous "Parson" Brownlow. Brownlow was a pro-slavery but anti-secession Whig—preacher, politician, journalist, something of a genius and a good deal of a blackguard. A reward of $5,000 was offered for the capture and return of the fiery Harris, but he stayed away until a general amnesty was proclaimed. Then he returned, bringing the State money with him and soon finding his way to the United States Senate, where he served until his death many years later. These three picturesque figures form the State's latest contribution to the nation's gallery of political notables. Even they were scarcely of national stature, but since we have had only politicians of the common run. And in no other field—save for such capable and showy fighters as Sam Houston, David Glasgow Farragut, Nathan Bedford Forrest, and Alvin York—has the State ever had a citizen for whom it could even claim high rank. In art, literature, science, invention, business achievement the proudest name Tennessee can boast is far down among the minors. Our present is as our past. We have not today a writer, a musician, a painter, an educator, a scientist, an editor, a captain of industry, a lawyer, or an orator even who may be numbered among the country's best.

The little groups of our people who are really interested in literature and art and intellectual attainment and the higher things of life are lost in the mass to whom these matters are of small account. Our cities are not concerned to be beautiful; our country towns find amazing ways of achieving ugliness and squalor; our farmers seem to doubt, if indeed they ever think on this subject, that good taste and good business can live together. If we had among us a great prophet or poet or sculptor or architect most of us would care nothing about him. We do without the dreamers and idealists and do not miss them. We can manage to get along with the things we have. They fail, it is true, to satisfy us; but this is at best an unsatisfactory world.

But what is it we have that is distinctively and typically Tennesseeans? Let us take stock:

We have—so much do we value our present-day crop of politicians—a fat, friendly, fiddling, fox-chasing Governor of 73, a genial soul who was a defeated candidate for the same office in 1886.

We have—so profound are our political convictions—two United States Senators, elected by the same party and largely by the same voters, voting against each other on nearly everything from the League of Nations to free seeds, yet both claiming to be true and representative Democrats, and both standing a chance of "getting by with it."

We have a deep-seated faith in our ability to elect every two years the worst of all possible legislatures, and we have, on this account, a grudge against Kentucky for beating us to a near-acceptance of the educational theories of Mr. Bryan and his fellow-scientists.

We have fifth place from the bottom of the list of States in illiteracy.

We have thousands of country children who have a chance to go to school for only five months each year.

We have county officials—mere court clerks with duties purely clerical—who receive $10,000 or $20,000 or $30,000 a year, and this despite the enactment of two anti-fee laws and an unprecedented clamor against the taxes we pay.

We have a State constitution fifty years old, which has so far protected these fee-grabbers, which prevents our getting the tax relief we clamor for, which with one voice we admit to be "antediluvian and full of grasshoppers," but which we are afraid to try to change lest worse befall us.

These are our main claims to distinction. We have more than the average number of homicides, but we compensate by having fewer than the average number of convictions. Of illicit stills, bootleggers, and law-breaking prohibition officers we have plenty, but probably no more than our quota.

We have, in short, some little difficulty in getting statistics to bear out the proudest claim we now dare seriously make—that of being a typical and average American State. Statistics not only tell us that we are a bit below the average in most things, but that every now and then we drop a notch or

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two in this category or that. They are so discouraging at times that we feel inclined to cry out against them as did old man Jenkins up in the hills.

Jenkins could not read or write. He owed the local storekeeper and sold him some hogs. The storekeeper figured their price, deducted the amount of his bill, and told Jenkins how much was coming to him. It was not more than half what the old man was expecting and he protested. The merchant went over the figures again, checking them off to the old man and wound up with the trite assertion: "Figures can't lie, you know, Mr. Jenkins." "Mebbe not," said old Jenkins, as he stuffed the money into his pocket, "I aint sayin' nothin' agin' figgers, but I've allus tuck notice that liars has to figger more'n anybody else, an' I wouldn't trust no feller that I seed a-figgerin' all the time."

Tennesseeans sometimes feel like suggesting to the statistician that "liars have to figger more'n anybody else": but even so the figures only confirm our own conviction that something is wrong with Tennessee. For thirty years the State has been losing rank in population, in wealth, in agricultural and industrial development, in educational advancement, in political enlightenment. Neighboring States have passed us or gained upon us in one after another of these things. We are not living up to our possibilities and we know it. Our politicians, our newspapers, our religionists, our "successful business men" give us their same old platitudes over and over. They no longer satisfy us. We realize that they give no help, but we do not know what we need or where to look for it. So we spend most of our time milling about in circles, doubtful, mistrustful, bewildered. Our discontent with what we are is the most promising thing about us, and it as yet remains unfruitful.

Take our politics. We turn this year to our favorite election game, but we turn to it with little enthusiasm or hope. With all our plethora of politicians there is no constructive program of State improvement or State betterment offered us. We know they are trying most of all to say the things we wish to hear, that they are not striving to guide our thought to any great accomplishment, but merely seeking to capitalize our discontent and our uncertainty to their own advantage. There is with them no vision, for us no real leadership.

Here we are—a once great State that has become in every sense a very ordinary State. In 1920 one out of every eight of our citizens of voting age was recorded as an illiterate. This must mean that at least an equal number had only the most elementary education. Perhaps we do well to doubt ourselves, to fear our own political ineptitude; but surely, facing these facts, we cannot much longer fail to see what it is that keeps us on the downward grade in the scale of States.

We are an ignorant people and we are paying the penalty of ignorance. Only half a dozen States have school systems of less efficiency. In some of the poorer counties our rural schools are merely excuses for schools. Attendance laws are often poorly enforced and thousands of boys and girls have quit school barely able to read and write, some absolutely illiterate. Poorly trained teachers and low salaries are the rule. And some of our politicians are proposing to reform the school system and help educate our children by cutting down appropriations for the State University and the teacher training schools!

Up on the Cumberland Plateau lie five thousand square miles of undeveloped farming land—it lies undeveloped because it was not suited to the farming methods of earlier days and because the scattered population on it today lacks the technical knowledge to make it the great fruit and garden region it will some day become. Down the sides of the Appalachians flow, unutilized, streams that could turn every wheel of industry in the State and put light and running water in every East Tennessee farmhouse. They flow unutilized because the people who live beside them have neither the knowledge nor the capital to put them to work. A thousand hillsides that should have remained forest forever have been stripped and the soil allowed to wash away because no practical system of agricultural and forest management has been worked out for our mountain regions. Out in the western lowlands tortuous creeks wind through brush-grown fields given up by the cultivator because neither he nor the community understood the technique or the advantages of drainage.

Every year malaria, typhoid, and hookworm take their toll, women die in childbirth, and little children give up their lives to the general lack of health knowledge and public hygiene. So are our boasted natural resources wasted and

Katharine Sherrill

By E. E. MILLER

In 1776 the Indians attacked the fort of the Watauga settlers and Katharine Sherrill made her famous run for life. Four years later she became the wife of John Sevier. Details of the story are variously related, but its main features are well established and it has become one of Tennessee's cherished traditions.

"Indians! Indians! Run, Girls, Run!"

A keen-eyed lass at the fort gate cried
To the women who milked the cows outside.
They ran, a whoop and a gun's report
Speeding their steps as they fled to the fort.
Farthest of all from its sheltering wall,
Latest to catch and heed the call,
Was Katharine Sherrill, fairest of maids
In all Watauga's forest glades.
Hearing, she sprang like a startled deer
And fled on feet that were winged with fear.
But the call had come a moment late:
The redskins cut her off from the gate,
And while the rifles blazed away
Rushed yelling and gloating to seize their prey.

At the gate of the fort bold John Sevier,
Statesman and warrior and pioneer,
Was grasped by a dozen hands and stayed
As he tried to rush to the fleeing maid;
Grasped, held back, and the great bar dropped—
It was certain death if he were not stopped,
And better a girl be captive led
Than the foremost man of the West lie dead.

The Indians rushed to seize their prey,
But she whirled aside and sped away—
Away from the gate, but toward the wall.
Eight feet it stood. The maid put all
Her strength in one great leap and flung
Her arms across the top and clung
One instant, trembling, out of breath;
Then over the top and away from death
Strong arms had caught and drawn her clear—
The eager arms of John Sevier.

Such is the story; so it was told
To our fathers by theirs in the days of old;
So will our children the tale repeat
To children clustered about their feet.
For as long as beauty is loved, and youth,
And deeds of valor, and manhood's truth,
Will a place be kept in the heart of the State
For John Sevier and his Bonny Kate,
For the hero brave and the bride he won
And the love that lived till their lives were done.

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our hopes for the future set at naught while we wonder what it is we need to do. "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge."

The heart of the State is sound, but its head is muddled. A romantic history remains without any adequate telling. Daring deeds and noble lives that should have been embodied in song and story to grow into beautiful legend and inspiring tradition remain unwritten and unsung. They, too, are part of our children's wasted heritage, and the future will be the poorer for our neglect of them. Material resource or historical wealth, the failure is the same. We lack the understanding to profit by what is ours. We do not see clearly the goal we would have the State attain, nor can we bring ourselves to follow the long, hard road of endeavor and sacrifice which all who would reach golden goals must tread. The perception of the Tennessee that should be and might be is not yet in our minds: the inspiration that quickens the heart and strengthens the thews for great accomplishment has not yet come to us.

[*The next article in this series, to appear in the issue of October 4, will be* California the Prodigious, *by George P. West.*]

Labor's Demand for Its Own Schools

By JAMES H. MAURER

WORKINGMEN'S experiences in trying to improve their condition through organized effort have caused them to begin to demand schools and colleges of their own. The demand is yet more latent than active, but it rests upon deep, fundamental necessities. Just as the union, the cooperative society, and the labor press have come into being to meet practical situations in the lives of working people, so must we have the labor school to meet similar needs.

Perhaps the most obvious of these needs is the necessity of labor's having to deal with bigger and more complex issues than heretofore. Of course, ignorance and shallow understanding have always been a handicap in the labor movement as in any other movement; but the present struggles make knowledge and deeper understanding more necessary than ever before. The long-drawn-out negotiations between the railroad companies and their employees during the last few years, culminating in the recent parleys with the striking shopmen, illustrate this need. The big Steel Strike of 1919 is another example. In such fights it is necessary that the rank and file have an understanding of the real issues at stake. Much is said about the importance of able leadership but it is equally true that good leadership cannot succeed without intelligent backing.

Progressive union men everywhere are asking: "How can we understand these big problems we have to face? How can we get the rank and file to understand them?" They cannot trust the ordinary means of disseminating information, the newspapers. For, in every big struggle between capital and labor nearly all the newspapers, with the exception of the labor press, which is comparatively weak, take the side of capital. Moreover, the great social and economic problems of the age require more thorough study than the mere reading of even the best newspapers.

But not only is it necessary for workingmen to study to understand the perplexing issues between themselves and their employers; they must also prepare to assume greater responsibility in the conduct of industry. The present regime of industrial autocracy is doomed to failure. Its alternative, industrial democracy, means that greater responsibility must fall upon those who are now little more than parts of the machinery in the factory. And, in the complex arrangements of modern society, actual democracy is impossible without a general diffusion of education.

These are labor's peculiar needs for education. We must add that working people share the general aspiration of mankind to gain a broader and deeper understanding of life, to increase their measure of happiness in the things worth while, to increase their influence as citizens and members of their particular communities, to form habits of reading and study—in short, to experience intellectual growth.

All will agree that labor needs more education, but some will naively ask: "Why must it establish schools of its own? Why can it not use the present educational institutions?" The suggestion of a college or university reminds the active unionist of the persecution of professors for showing too much interest in the welfare of the masses, and brings to his mind pictures of college students as strike-breakers. The college-bred labor-haters who have assumed the "patriotic" duty of helping to break railroad and street car strikes are products that American colleges like to boast of. President Eliot once said, "Such scabs are heroes of the first order." But insults by the "educated" come closer home than this. The workingmen's children return from school with accounts of indictments of the labor movement made by their teachers or by propagandists who have been allowed to address the pupils. Horrible stories have been told about the Bolsheviki, and in the next breath the suggestion has been made that the American labor unions are filled with such people. Children have been led to feel that their own fathers, as active unionists, have been made the dupes of treasonable conspirators. And they have been told that the open-shop campaign is a great patriotic movement to save America from bolshevism.

Workingmen have also observed the snobbishness of the average school-teacher. If she shows any sympathy for workingmen and their families it is the condescending sympathy that is worse than contempt. She herself is not a working woman but a "professional" woman, her starvation wages notwithstanding. But she will not join the teachers' union even where it is possible for her to do so because it would lower the dignity of her "profession" to organize as do ordinary tradesmen and working girls. Her male colleagues, up in the high school, and the principals and superintendent are even worse snobs than she, for they are trying to hobnob with members of the chamber of commerce, rotary clubs, and similar organizations.

We have observed, too, the persecution of the few teachers who have had the intelligence and the red blood to dare to organize. In Pennsylvania the American Federation of Teachers has been outlawed. The State Superintendent has issued a decree that teachers' unions are not to be tolerated and his order stands. At Lancaster a number of teachers had to resign because of their union affiliation.

However, labor unions make use of the present educational institutions to further their own plans for education wherever they find conditions favorable. A number of labo

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schools are established in public-school buildings and employ public-school teachers, and a number of colleges are cooperating a little in labor education. But, in most instances, we are discouraged in this, for it is exceptional to find an opportunity in the established schools for free and open discussion of the social and economic questions that are of vital interest to workingmen. The teachers and the school authorities are afraid of these questions if they are discussed freely from the workers' point of view. It is all right for the employers' point of view to be presented fully and continually. The high-school rostrum is a favorite place for that; but there is no real freedom of discussion for the opposite side. Influential educators admit this. They frankly say that the American school is not the place for the bolshevik point of view to be presented; and they include under the head of bolshevism all aggressive or militant, or even mildly progressive, tendencies in the American labor movement. Everywhere educators are taking more pains to define and explain the limits of freedom of thought and discussion than they do to defend traditional academic freedom.

In one Pennsylvania city, where we asked for the use of a public-school room for one of our labor education classes, we were told that the board of education would gladly give us the use of a room provided we would accept the teacher it would appoint for us. The proposition that adult working-class students should elect their own teacher was too radical for that board. Yet, in the same schools the chamber of commerce, the American Legion, and similar organizations can send representatives at any time to talk to the students on any subject. Even a junior chamber of commerce has been organized in the high school.

From all parts of the country come hundreds of authentic reports of restrictions put upon professors and teachers who would discuss labor problems freely. But what else can we expect? The boards of education and the boards of trustees of the colleges and universities are composed almost entirely of influential business and professional men who have a deep-seated fear and hatred of anything that can be construed as encouragement to the labor movement. They are extremely conservative, if not reactionary, on all social and economic questions. Only here and there is labor represented on a school board, and even then we have only about one representative of labor to six or eight business and professional men.

In addition to all this we have to add the charge that the prevailing instruction in the public schools is mechanical and lifeless. The individuality of the pupil is suppressed. The attempt is made to mold all minds by the same pattern and independence, originality, and self-reliance are discouraged. Our children are being trained like dogs and ponies, not developed as individuals. Such methods, together with the vicious propaganda on social and economic questions to which the children are subjected, produce just the results that the conservative and reactionary elements of the country want, namely, uniformity of thought and conduct, no originality or self-reliance except for money-making schemes, a worshipful attitude toward those who have wealth and power, intolerance for anything that the business element condemns, and ignorance of the great social and economic forces that are shaping the destinies of all of us. Even arithmetic is so taught as to bolster the profit system. To illustrate, the teacher will give the scholars the following mathematical problem to solve: "If a shoemaker receives $5 for making a pair of shoes and his employer sells them for $5.25, what percentage of profit did the employer make on the transaction?"

The impression the student gets from such a question is that the shoemaker makes big money while the employer makes little profit. Now, as a matter of fact, shoes are no longer made by individuals. In a modern shoe factory, the shoe passes through from sixty to seventy different hands. Let us see how illuminating the same problem would be if presented in accordance with facts as we know them: "If the material in a pair of shoes costs $1, and the workers in a shoe factory, collectively, receive $1.25 for making the shoes and the shoes are then sold for $12, what percentage of profit did the employers of labor, jobbers and retailers, make on the transaction?"

The results of this miseducation are revealed every day in all our social relationships. Long before this country entered the World War we had our preparedness campaigns. It is no accident that the first of these began in Wall Street. The first decorations for the first preparedness parade were put up by the big business firms of downtown New York. Then came our participation in the war, a war to protect democracy and put an end to all wars. And its greatest advocates were the autocrats of industry who were piling up millions in fortunes by war profiteering.

Another example of the manner in which the thought of the people harmonizes with the purposes of big business is our submission to the violations of our personal and civil liberties. From the time of the first preparedness parades to the present time, there have been outrages committed on our rights that must have caused our revolutionary ancestors to turn in their graves. Yet the submission to them has been almost perfect. During the steel strike we suffered the most flagrant violations of our constitutional rights; but the minds of the people had been so dominated by the autocrats of the steel industry that we were unable to find any redress.

Big business has been doing our thinking for us even on so vital a question as the relation between wages and the cost of living. The prevailing opinion is that high wages caused the high cost of living and that the present radical reductions in wages are justified by the decrease in the cost of living. Both opinions are erroneous, as any well-informed man can show. Yet so widespread and so persistently have those notions been propagated that many workingmen were ashamed to take their increased pay and have accepted the present reductions much in the spirit that a thief with a conscience accepts his punishment, that is, as a thing he deserves.

It is a realization of these conditions that caused labor, when it became conscious of its need for education, to propose establishing schools of its own. Of course, it does not propose to attempt to duplicate the expensive educational buildings and equipment that exist. It rather proposes to revive the Greek school which consisted of a few pupils, a teacher who was one of the pupils, and a modest meeting place. Some of the best schools we have are conducted in halls where labor unions meet.

Now, what demand is there for labor schools? Does the bona-fide workingman want them? Or are they something that progressive leaders would impose upon the labor movement? The cynics and the job-holders in the unions say there is no demand for them. They have such contempt for the rank and file of the union membership that they

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cannot believe it would demand anything like intellectual culture. Of course there are plenty of workers who do not realize the vital importance of education, but we have a vast amount of evidence of a growing and almost pathetic thirst for it. At a conference on labor education in New York on April 2 and 3, 1921, we heard reports from about twenty-five labor schools and colleges in this country. Nearly all of them are in the experimental stage, but they exist and are making progress. The schools of the International Ladies' Garment Workers have progressed beyond the experimental stage and are vigorous, thriving institutions with crowded classes.

Our experiments in Pennsylvania have been most encouraging. Within the classes there were numerous manifestations of a genuine desire to study and to understand. In six classes of whose work we have a record at hand, 150 assignments of readings were done by students and reported to the classes. Many of these were done by men and women who had never had an opportunity to do anything of the kind before. The instructor says that the quality of most of the work was excellent. He says, too, that there was much reading done independently of the assignments. One of the most enthusiastic members of a reading class says the need for labor education was brought home to him by his recent experience on a strike committee. When this committee met the employers, the workers were seated on one side of a table, the employers on the other. The latter had brought with them a mass of documents they had collected on the conditions of employment and the rates of pay in their industry in all parts of the country. They had carefully compiled their information and had arranged their arguments. The workers had to face them with little specific information except what they had learned in the plant, and with little preparation of argument. They were at a disadvantage not because their case was weak but because they did not know how to handle figures and marshall facts and draw up briefs.

We do not expect our classes to become over-crowded mass meetings for education is serious business and only the more intelligent men and women, in any rank of society, are interested in it. If, through our efforts, a few hundred thousand men and women are led to study and read and to strive to get a broad understanding of labor's problems we shall be highly successful.

Some who are fearful of anything that is different from what has existed from time immemorial will think the labor school is a new scheme for radical propaganda. Its purpose *is* propaganda for sound, independent thinking and that is radical enough to condemn it in the opinion of certain interests. However, its purpose is educational only. We do not employ our teachers to uplift us, or to teach a political creed or an economic theory, or to entertain us. We want them to teach us how to think and how to study, how to read and what to read, how to find information for practical purposes, and how to judge its value after we find it—in short, we want them to teach us how to do our own thinking. And herein lies the danger of the labor school to the present order of things.

Four important institutions are undermining the defenses of privilege and building the foundations of genuine democracy: the union, the cooperative society, the labor press, and the labor school. These institutions all rest on fundamental principles of social organization, and must grow because of the impelling necessities they meet.

The Farmer and the New Tariff*

By W. C. LANSDON

IS the McCumber-Fordney Bill a gold brick or a gold mine for American farmers? This may be a foolish question but there are a lot of fools as well as a few wise men who are interested in the answer. Judged by the obvious motives of the men who have framed this indefensible tariff and are using all the power of their party machinery to force it through Congress there is but one answer: It is a deliberate, carefully worked out, and wholly cold-blooded conspiracy on the part of the high protectionists to fool the farmers into supporting a monstrous raid on the income of the producers and workmen of the republic. But at the last the foolers may be fooled. What is so plainly intended as a gold brick may yet turn out to be a regular gold mine for American farmers.

One of the most effective appeals made to rural voters during the political campaign of the Republican party in 1920 was the promise that high tariff rates would be imposed on agricultural imports so that the American farmer should be freed from ruinous competition with the cheap labor of other countries. Early in the life of the new Administration a temporary or emergency agricultural tariff was passed by Congress and approved by the President. That law, already once renewed, has been in operation for more than a year, with the result that prices of nearly all farm staples are now very much lower, even when measured by the fluctuating dollar, than they were in the years immediately preceding the Great War.

That is an inauspicious beginning for the success of the tariff as a panacea for farmers, but the Republicans in both Senate and House found in it only an incentive to build the tariff walls still higher. The so-called agricultural bloc has forced the Senate to accept a duty of thirty cents a bushel on wheat. Other agricultural products have received equal or greater favors. Wool, which has the advantage of being represented in the Senate by four great producers who are influential members of that body, is to have the highest protective tariff that has ever been given any American interest. Not a single commodity produced on American farms has been overlooked or slighted. Once it begins to function the results of the new tariff will be truly magnificent for farmers—on paper.

According to an alleged expert connected with the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives the new law will enrich American farmers by the very respectable amount of about a billion and a half dollars a year. To look a gift horse in the mouth before accepting it and becoming responsible for its oats may not be good form but in the light of their experience with agricultural protective tariffs in other times the farmers of the United States, even those who do not live in Missouri, are scarcely to be blamed for demanding proofs. Very naturally they want to know where that billion and a half is coming from and just how much it is going to cost them to get it.

The tariff expert arrived at his figures by a very simple process, simple in more than one way. Take wheat for example. The annual American production of that highly useful cereal is around 800,000,000 bushels. A tariff of

* An editorial note of comment on this article appears on page 269.

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thirty cents a bushel, therefore, will put the tidy sum of $240,000,000 a year into the pockets of the American wheat growers. The same rule is applied to other crops and to live stock and the results so obtained foot up to the one and one half billions of dollars with which agriculture is to be enriched annually by the magic processes of the new Republican tariff.

In a few years our farmers will pay all their debts, there will be no more tenancy and every farm home will have a bath tub, an electric lighting system, and a flivver. But before we spend any of that money we must check up on the expert. He appears to have overlooked the fairly well-known fact that American wheat growers produce a good-sized surplus each year over home needs and that our surplus must be sold on world markets at world prices. No law made by the Congress of the United States, even when that body is dominated by the superlative wisdom and the masterly and matchless statesmanship of the Republican party—see any campaign document—can add a single penny to the price of nearly 300,000,000 bushels of wheat that American farmers must sell each year at prices that are fixed in Liverpool by competition among grain-growing nations.

Even to the intellect of a Republican politician accidentally serving in Congress it should be perfectly clear that if the farmers of this country are to have any advantage from the tariff on wheat they must sell their crops exclusively in the non-competitive home market. Even if times improve and all hungry bellies are filled with good white bread and other wheat products, home demand is about 200,000,000 bushels a year below the present production. To take their promised profits from the tariff American wheat growers must cut their production more than one-third and then organize marketing and regulate distribution in such a way that all consumers will be required to pay about twice the current prices for flour and loaf bread. The conditions as to wheat apply with equal force and truth to other important farm commodities. The tariff can help the farmers only if production is reduced and prices to American consumers are raised. The proposed tariff can help the farmer only by increasing the cost of living for all who are dependent on him for food and for the raw materials for clothing.

This is not the only phase of the new tariff that is important to agriculture. All American products worth mentioning are included in the schedules of the McCumber-Fordney bill. Experts fully as competent as the genius who discovered that the proposed duties would net the farmers a billion and half dollars of additional annual income declare that under the operations of the other schedules in the same measure the cost of manufactured and other articles consumed by the farmers of this country will be increased 44 per cent as against a general advance of 20 per cent on farm products. It would appear therefore that the beneficent law which proposes to give with one hand will take as much or more away with the other.

Nevertheless, the farmers may if they choose take a position of unassailable strength. They have an absolute monopoly of the production of food and of most of the raw materials for clothing. The new law relieves them of all competition by foreign producers. It will be a very easy matter for them to get the additional money needed in order to meet the 44 per cent increase in their general expenses. All that will be necessary will be a reduction of production to about the normal amount required for American consumption, a cessation of the existing suicidal competition among growers in marketing their own products, and an effective price-fixing combination or organization of agricultural producers.

That "all" only a few years ago would have been an insurmountable obstacle. The farmers would have been incapable of protecting themselves in such an emergency. They had not then learned to use such an effective and terrible weapon as the proposed tariff will put into their hands. It is different now. They have endured such destructive losses from deflation and contraction, they are paying such heavy tolls to privilege and monopoly, and they are threatened with such burdensome and oppressive taxes in the interest of shipowners and other private persons unable to operate their various enterprises at a profit, that they are in the humor to protect themselves with whatever weapons they can reach. As a result of the bitter lessons of adversity, the farmers have learned to act together. If the Administration persists in its tariff program the country may be assured that agriculture is prepared to make full, profitable, and unrelenting use of the unequaled opportunities presented to it for organization behind the walls of the prohibitive tariff rates.

Apparently the sole purpose of the protective tariff, or more properly speaking, the prohibitive tariff, about to become a law, is to increase the cost of goods and commodities produced in this country and prevent the importation of all competitive products from foreign countries. During the past six years the so-called balance of trade in favor of the United States has averaged around four billions of dollars annually. This means that American producers of raw materials and of finished products have sold that much abroad in excess of their purchases in foreign markets. Whatever may have been the situation as to home markets in the days of Grant or even of McKinley it is now very different. Anything like normal prosperity in this country depends upon profitable export outlets for our products to the amount of about six billions of dollars yearly.

Our foreign customers, who must be our friends if trade relations are to be permanent and profitable, certainly cannot be expected to buy of us if we pass laws which make it impossible for our people to buy of them. Even if they should overlook the insulting provisions of our tariff schedules they could not pay for purchases here with our markets closed to their products. The enactment of the McCumber-Fordney bill is certain to be followed by retaliatory tariffs and other self-protective measures which foreign nations will take to exclude our goods from their markets. It is equally certain to usher in an era of international ill-will likely in the long run to be almost as costly as war. For these reasons and many others the new tariff will be a severe disappointment to all American producers who depend on foreign consumption for their profits.

But there is no occasion for farmers to lose sleep over the situation unless their hearts bleed for others' lives and not their own. The agricultural duties intended as a mere gold brick for the farmers offer opportunities never before enjoyed by the producers of the basic necessities of life in this or any other country. If farmers have the courage, the resolution, and the constructive ability to protect themselves through its provisions by the limitation of production and the organization of marketing it may become the greatest profit-maker in the history of their business. As for the condition of the rest of the country, that will be another story.

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In the Driftway

THIS is a contrary world. In Bethlehem of Judea, the Scriptures tell us, Christ was born. And in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, the smoke of the steel works spreads heavily over the city and men work twelve hours a day. From Lehigh Mountain the gray-roofed homes of the workers, set in neat rows, look like part of the smoke. The Drifter, looking down from the ridge at the houses, not one of them differing apparently by a single brick from the next and the tall smoke-stacks rising sharply through the smoke, wondered what the honest Germans who lived there in the middle eighteenth century would say of their village now—the same village in which every spring one of the greatest musicians is celebrated as nowhere else in the world—the Bach Festival, supported by the head of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has hinted before that he has little use for governments, his own, in any form, being no exception. Yet, standing in the square, plain room in which the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were drawn up and signed, and facing the beautiful high-backed chair from which the president of the Continental Congress directed that assembly, he admits to having been not a little moved. He found the edges of the Liberty Bell rough to the touch and stirring to the heart. Was there a wisdom and importance about our founding fathers which their descendants have entirely missed? Or is this just another myth which time and long familiarity have created?

* * * * *

IT may be that the light emanating from our sturdy progenitors is derived from the same source as the one the Drifter finds cast over old houses. He passed, on the road from Princeton to Philadelphia, many types of architecture of which not a few were good. He looked with a listless eye on splendid estates from which a great house rose proudly; new suburban houses of excellent lines and surrounded by charming gardens were as nothing to him; but whenever his eyes lit on one of the small two-story stone dwellings built some time in the seventeen hundreds, whose neat shutters are carefully fastened back over square-paned windows, he was filled to the brim with envy and delight. And to be raised to the last pitch of ecstasy he had only to pass a Quaker meeting-house. No words can describe them: they are decent, orderly, grave; they stand with their long stone sides firmly parallel to the road and with white shutters modestly closed. No path, but only close green grass, meets them on four sides. In them surely justice and mercy could find a dwelling-place.

THE DRIFTER

Contributors to This Issue

E. E. MILLER is the editor of the *Southern Agriculturist*, published at Nashville, Tennessee.

JAMES H. MAURER is president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor.

W. C. LANSDON is vice-president of the Kansas division of the Farmers' Educational and Cooperative Union of America.

Travesty

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

A monkey in a little feathered hat
And scarlet breeches, dangled on a string,
Climbing for someone else's penny—that
Changes the comic to a tragic thing.
Halfman, from whose unflattering eyes may peep
A secret sorrow—does he wonder how
The world was lost, how it would be to leap,
Careless of coppers, free, from bough to bough?
The organ whines, the cord goes taut or slack;
Street after street; the same old tricks again.
Who puts us down to beg, who jerks us back
To many a dreary, oft-repeated strain? . . .
The stars give silver . . . Hark! Across the years
Murmurs the mighty music of the spheres!

Correspondence

La Follette's Victory

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Wisconsin Primary has come and gone and La Follette has won. With engaging candor and without show or bluster, La Follette appealed directly to the people of Wisconsin on his record, and on that record received the Republican nomination by an overwhelming majority. His election will be practically assured by a unanimous vote as the Socialists have no candidate in the field and the Democratic party is dead—killed by Wilson and Northcliffe. There were never various issues in the Wisconsin Primary, but always the *one* issue. It is the same issue that has been before the people the last three decades. It is the issue that made Wisconsin one of the leading commonwealths in the Union if not one of the most progressive states in the civilized world: "Shall the people rule?" That is the issue here today and but for the press, the decadent race worshipers, the frenzied flag idolaters, the war makers, that, too, would today be the issue in the far East, the distant West, the silent North, and the South. It is not a political issue; it is not an economic issue; it is a moral issue. It is the very flesh and blood, sinew and fiber of democracy itself. It is not a question whether labor shall dominate or whether capital shall rule, but it is a question whether the people of the State of Wisconsin shall rule. It is not a question whether the Jew shall govern, or whether the Catholic shall be dominant, or whether the Protestant shall burden us with blue laws, or whether the Germans are loyal to the war profiteers—all these are not the questions at issue in Wisconsin.

La Follette went before the common people—appearing before the farmer and the laborer, the business man and the lawyer, the doctor and the minister and with simple candor told the people that he would demand that the people shall rule. He reviewed his war record with the people. Nothing wrong about that, the people have now said. Indeed, if your war record is clean you have nothing to hide, nothing to forget. La Follette had nothing to cover up—nothing to regret, only things to be proud of. But now come *The Journal* and *The Sentinel* with their three hundred little county followers and protest that the war is over, why talk about it or connect the Senator with it. But the day of psychological retribution has come. Mr. Ganfield, Mr. La Follette's opponent—a minister of the Gospel—wanted to forget the war, to forget the filled graves! But the common people would not let him forget and have served notice on the world today that those who would not let us forget the war in 1914-18 shall not forget the war in 1922—and for twenty years to come!

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Mr. La Follette was too great, too big, too tolerant to attack his opponents. As in all his other campaigns in the past he remained impersonal and charitable toward those who cruelly attacked him, and by not one word, one syllable did he assail them, not even the Kentucky carpetbagger, a schoolmaster of the Wilson type and a preacher of Cotton Mather fanaticism and of alien-baiting persuasion, who was trotted out to oppose the Senator and to receive the worst beating in the State's history.

Milwaukee, September 6 RALPH ELMERGREEN

Naval Rule in the Virgin Islands

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While the plan to govern the Virgin Islands through the Navy Department may not be just the wisest course, the fact remains that in this particular instance the Navy Department has done a creditable job, despite what was written by Casper Holstein in a letter recently published by you. In *McClure's* for December, 1919, appeared an article by me entitled The Country We Forgot. In this paper I told of the results of a visit made by me to St. Croix and St. Thomas to find out if it were true that the islands were being ill governed by the Navy Department. I found among responsible Negroes and white men praise for these naval officers instead of blame. I found the islands largely self-governing through their town councils, the members of which were composed of leading white and colored men chosen by the people. The doctor in charge of the hospital at Frederiksted, St. Croix, was a colored man of high intelligence, who was sincerely appreciative of the efforts of the American naval governor to bring better living conditions in his district. This naval governor attended the town councils, and with his staff—keen, experienced naval officers who functioned as his cabinet and supervised the educational, agricultural, and engineering work on the islands—gave himself earnestly to his thankless task.

Mr. Holstein makes a hero of D. Hamilton Jackson, whom he describes as "a lawyer and leader among the black men of St. Croix." I was informed by planters, business men, and members of the town council that D. Hamilton Jackson is a labor agitator of the violent type. On this point I refer you to the articles of J. S. Stribling, author of "Birthright," which appeared a few months ago in the *Evening Post*.

Your correspondent made the statement that "when the American administrators landed in St. Croix they found a Negro people, industrious, capable, self-respecting, and friendly," and goes on to insinuate that the present naval administration has made them restless and troublesome. This statement is contrary to what history shows. My visit to St. Croix was made shortly after the American administration began—when its influence on the Negro could not have counted for good or harm. A Danish planter told me of a disastrous strike that had recently occurred on six sugar estates which was due to the incendiary speeches of a Negro agitator. In "Lightbourn's Annual and Commercial Directory of the Virgin Islands, 1919," appears this paragraph, written by a native of St. Thomas:

> The mass of the people live in the country districts. Because, perhaps, of the more frequent upheavals, some of them large enough to assume the proportion of a rebellion, the laborers of this island are said to be neither as good workers nor as good natured and polite as those of its sister islands; this, however, is not entirely their fault, nor is it quite true of the native-born workers. The treatment accorded the St. Croix laborers has not always been too good and their work cannot be easily compared with that of their St. Thomas kin since it is of two distinct classes—that of the former island being largely industrial and of the latter almost wholly commercial; as for politeness and good nature it is rather ungracious to look for such out of the riff-raff of the other islands who have been imported into the island for many years and now dominate it and then fasten the sins of this element upon the native born, who are neither rude nor ill humored, if they may not be altogether smiling.

Trouble in the Virgin Islands came to us without our creating when we purchased the impoverished islands from Denmark. There have been grasping, oppressive landowners in the past, as there probably are in St. Croix today. The Navy Department can not change history or human nature. As a matter of fact, there is more clashing between Negro cliques on the islands than between the marines and the citizens. That there is hope for the Marines is shown by this item I find in "Lightbourn's Annual": "Sunday, September 8: First two American marines confirmed in the Lutheran Church, Christiansted, St. Croix, 1918."

This closing word: naval rule may be irksome, but it seems to me to prevent native ruin.

East Orange, New Jersey, August 26 DANIEL HENDERSON

A Railroad Worker Protests

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In its issue of August 23, *The Nation* mars an otherwise fine editorial on the coal and rail situation with this: "They [the railroad workers] have their faults; the action of the Santa Fé men who left their train and its passengers stranded in the hot desert was as stupid as it was heartless."

Is it stupid to refuse service on an unsafe locomotive? Arizona sunsets are gorgeous, but a dead passenger cannot see them. Neither can a dead engineman—although he may not be counted, having faults.

Is it heartless to leave passengers at a terminal where food and water are plentiful? The same hot sun beats down on railroad men and their families living in the desert as on those more fortunate who are traveling to meet cool ocean breezes.

When *The Nation* concerns itself with the defective air equipment and flat wheels of our economic system and leaky boilers of our government, it is admirable.

When *The Nation* aligns with President Harding in taking a leaf from Wall Street's Book of Publicity, and impugns the intelligence and humaneness of railroad workers, it is not so good.

Order of Railroad Telegraphers, Spokane, Wash., August 27 C. E. POTTER

The Delmarvia Star

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on Delaware in the series "These United States" includes the *Star* among the newspapers "in Du Pont hands." This is not true. No member of the Du Pont family near or remote, nor any officer, stockholder, or employee of the Du Pont Company has even a shadow of right, title, or interest of any kind in the *Star*.

JOSEPH H. MARTIN,
Editor

Wilmington, Delaware, September 1

Sabotaged but Not Forbidden

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article on "Coal for Consumers" in *The Nation*, September 13, the statement is made that postal employees are forbidden to organize. This is not literally correct. They are forbidden to enforce their demands by the strike, and they are given to understand that any man who wants promotion must not belong to the organization. This sabotaging of the union by the Government amounts to about the same thing as forbidding to organize.

Woods Hole, Mass., September 9 J. P. WARBASSE

(This correction was received from Dr. Warbasse too late to be introduced in his article. *The Editors.*)

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The Roving Critic

Maria and Batouala

THE face of "Batouala" (Seltzer) is the face of Esau but the voice is the voice of Jacob. Paris speaks through René Maran, as it spoke recently through Louis Hémon and his "Maria Chapdelaine": the Paris which is subtle yet bored with subtlety and cruel yet bored with cruelty and eager for art yet bored with art. Such complex towns are hungry for idyll and for epic, the more so if, sitting at the center of an empire, they can look out toward dim provinces and see idyll and epic transacting on their own soil. Paris, looking into French Canada, is thrilled along unfamiliar nerves at the sight of the girl of Peribonka who, having lost her dearest lover, chooses rather to stay in that hard native wilderness than to take what comfort may be found in softer regions: it is as if some Arcadian maiden had preferred Arcadia to Athens or some Shropshire lass had preferred Shropsire to London.

In the same way Paris, looking into French Africa, exults over the deeds of the black chief Batouala, who loves and fights and loses and dies, like a bison or an eagle, without a thought deeper than sensation and without a future longer than quick oblivion. "Batouala" is no primitive piece of art; no naive ballad of the people; no saga, remembering the harsh conflicts of actual men; no epic even, calling up the large days of Agamemnons and Aeneases and Rolands and Siegfrieds and Beowulfs for the edification of smaller days. It is a document of civilization, of civilization turning, with a touch of nerves, from the contemplation of itself to a vicarious indulgence in the morals and manners of the jungle which, whether they exist in Africa or not, exist somewhere beneath the surface of every civilized man and woman.

To say this is to say that René Maran, though himself of Batouala's race, has learned in Paris to make Parisians understand him and that the fame of his book depends upon his skilful use of a sophisticated idiom. But there is more to be said than that. "Batouala" is a document as well upon the process by which an inarticulate section of mankind is beginning to be articulate. Out of the heart of a dark continent comes a tongue which uses neither the rant of the imperialist nor the brag of the trader nor the snuffle of the missionary. That tongue is hot with hatred for what Europe has done to Africa through the exercise of a greed which is the more malevolent because it is incompetent. The world of Batouala is a world spoiled by alien hands and laid waste as fever and tribal wars never laid it waste. Back of the quiet accents which M. Maran uses is the impact of a whole race's wrongs and resentments. And yet those accents are quiet, for the book, though not primitive art, is art of a high order. It is, says M. Maran in his preface, "altogether objective. It makes no attempt to explain: it states." Being a genuine work of the imagination, "Batouala," of course, is less impersonal than its author believes it to be; its material is shaped at every point by a hand which, beating with the pulse of Africa, loves these contours and expresses its passion through them.

Its passion, however, has been so guided by principle that it is emphasized by reticence much as that reticence is warmed by passion. In the circumstances, a plain story is enough, given, too, merely as a series of etchings from the career of Batouala, and only partly concerned with his relations to the whites. Candid pictures (considerably softened in this translation) of his daily life and final tragedy pass vividly by: all the customs and rites and sounds and stenches of his village, the throbbing of drums, the ferment of sexuality, the conflict of races, the pressure of nature upon man, the irony of primitive plans, the pity of primitive defeat. A great novel? Not quite, because it is febrile and fragmentary. But it has some of the marks of greatness upon it: energy, intensity, vitality.

CARL VAN DOREN

Books

Books Useful and Useless

The First Million the Hardest. By A. B. Farquhar. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.50.

Triumphant Plutocracy. By R. F. Pettigrew. New York: The Academy Press. $1.

Hugo Stinnes. By Hermann Brinckmeyer. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

Socialism and Personal Liberty. By Robert Dell. Thomas Seltzer. $1.50.

Pulling Together. By John T. Broderick. Schenectady: Robson and Adee. $1.

Labor and Democracy. By William L. Huggins. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Socialism and the Average Man. By William Howard Doughty, Jr. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Justifiable Individualism. By Frank Wilson Blackmar. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.

Causes and Cures for the Social Unrest. By Ross L. Finney. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Theory of Marginal Value. By L. V. Birck. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

UNLESS one accepts in all its rigor Veblen's theory of conspicuous waste, it is hard to explain why reputable publishers continue to squander so much money on the printing of worthless university-made books in "social science" falsely so-called. The ordinary person is not obliged to write a book unless he has something to say, or at least thinks he has; the university man must write whether or no.

In "The First Million the Hardest"—the title, by the way, represents an experience that most of us have shared—A. B. Farquhar, our interesting octogenarian manufacturer of good agricultural implements, recites with evident enjoyment the fascinating incidents of his long, busy, successful life, from the day when he went to New York as a boy of eighteen to ask William B. Astor, John A. Stevens, James Gordon Bennett, and A. T. Stewart how to make a million dollars—and without introductions to any of them did it in a day. In its naive self-confidence, its homely, commonsense, honest, business philosophy, its shrewd comment on men and events, and its unbounded faith in this country, the book will help any reader understand what manner of man it is that has made this America of today. For Mr. Farquhar is a "typical American," of the best type, and America, despite the war, is still young.

A very different echo of our past half-century is ex-Senator Pettigrew's "Triumphant Plutocracy." Speaking out of a long political life and wide observation in Washington and elsewhere, this old anti-capitalist, anti-imperialist warhorse relates the story of the struggles in which he has participated, and comes to the conclusion that we have gone a long way on the road to the imperialistic bow-wows—in which he is doubtless right. Partial and uncritical with regard to his facts, expert in discovering sinister motives, convinced that legislatures, courts, and presidents are but puppets, or rather, designing creatures, of a greedy and heartless capitalism, he deals far too harshly with many men and measures. Yet the discriminating reader may find his book useful for its suggestions of certain important political tendencies and its unvarnished—even unplaned—account of the political struggles of the fifty years just gone.

Hermann Brinckmeyer's "Hugo Stinnes" transports us to another world, yet the same. It gives us much of the information we have hitherto lacked concerning the industrial director of war-wrecked Germany. Yet one lays it down without feeling that one understands, after all. It is as though some deep world-current had thrust up to the surface this figure, with its hands on the ships and the mines and the factories and the newspapers of a people struggling for life. His titanic activi-

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ties are a part of that struggle; yet some socialists see him only as preparing the collectivist state.

Perhaps because it comes out of that same post-war Europe, Robert Dell's stimulating "Socialism and Personal Liberty" is not characterized by that delightful ignorance which marks so much American writing on the subject. A relentless libertarian, yet no anarchist, Mr. Dell sees that liberty is economic, not simply political, and holds that collective ownership of land is a condition of economic freedom. Honest and courageous enough to say that he has changed his mind about the "dictatorship of the proletariat," which he points out is bound to become a dictatorship over the proletariat, he gives a considerable body of useful information concerning its failure in Russia, notably its inability to produce the goods, in the literal sense. His criticism of the various schemes of socialistic organization, from the standpoint of their effect on personal liberty, is discriminating and intelligent, and is aimed at the right target. Mr. Dell himself inclines to a modified guild socialism, with prices, however, left to be fixed by demand and supply. He takes a manful whack at the modern idolatry of the state, and issues a needed warning against substituting the proletariat for the state as a new idol. There is much food for reflection in this sentence: "In 1914 the people of every belligerent country believed that the war was defensive on the part of its own government and in every case the belief was mistaken."

While Europe experiments with socialism, we try other methods. John T. Broderick's "Pulling Together" is an account, in thinly veiled dialogue form, of the advantages derived in experience by one of our greatest industrial concerns from its system of employee representation. Without scientific pretensions, it may yet be found suggestive by those who have not seriously studied the subject.

"Labor and Democracy," by William L. Huggins, author of the Kansas Industrial Law and presiding judge of the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations, is a useful account of our latest experiment in applying the principle of state compulsion in actual or threatened labor disputes. A valuable appendix gives the text of the law and a number of typical decisions of the Court. Mr. Huggins's statement that "the Kansas Industrial Law was evolved primarily out of the activities of Rotary" and his acknowledgments to the Rotarian comradeship explain his point of view, and perhaps incidentally explain some part of the opposition to the Kansas scheme on the part of organized labor. The author's statement of the legal principles lying back of the law, his account of the actual organization and working of the court, and his frank avowal of his own everyday American attitude of mind toward the industrial problem are alike valuable. His position is that the state of course does justice in all things; it has set up the Industrial Court to fix right conditions in essential industries. If capitalists or laborers do not like those conditions, they are at liberty to remove their capital or their persons to other industries. Granting the major premise, the rest follows as the night the day, though even so it is a bit difficult to imagine Topeka millers transforming their mills into paper-doll factories or to picture coal miners selling lingerie in department stores. But waiving that, it remains to be seen whether capitalists and laborers alike will be satisfied that Rotarian justice is pure abstract justice, the *Ding an sich*, so to speak, and whether, if not satisfied, they will continue to produce. That question is not yet answered, but it is reasonably certain that nobody can make men work today.

Turning from these books to the university product, one is driven almost to despair, or to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. Doughty's treatise ought to be entitled "Socialism Refuted, for Gentlemen's Sons." The author happily disarms criticism by disclaiming for his book scholarship "in the academic sense." Perhaps he claims it in the Pickwickian sense. The poor Average Man, badly enough muddled about socialism anyway, will here learn that the differences between all the fifty-seven varieties, from Communist Party to Right Wing Socialists, are but differences in detail, differences in method. The guild socialists are only less horrific than the anarchist-communists, one of whose gory circulars is quoted with an apology. Louis F. Post occupies a prominent place in the gallery of socialist propagandists (one can see Henry George turn uneasily in his grave) and passages from the *Public* and *The Nation*, "like so much Socialist propaganda, illustrate both the emotional and the inflammatory type"—the other two types being the Philosophical and the Dishonest. English Walling turns up as a Britisher, along with Wells and Shaw. Karl Marx is confuted by the pointing out of nine "fundamental fallacies," while the chapter on The Social Revolution consists of thirty pages describing the horrors of the French Revolution. Emerson somewhere tells of going outdoors after a temperance meeting, and of the stars saying to him "Why so hot, little sir?" After prolonged consideration the reviewer does not share the author's fear that his book may prove "too judicial" for the Average Man.

The next two volumes on our list, both coming out of reputable Middle Western universities, are unadulterated slush. Mr. Blackmar deals with the important, if not wholly novel, idea that a good society can be built only out of good individuals—but why take a hundred and forty pages to say it? "The individual must have freedom to express the unselfishness of self in seeking the cooperation of others in human welfare." It is hard to believe that such a sentence was penned outside the White House.

Ross L. Finney appears to believe that volubility, a chatty style, and baseball figures of speech are satisfactory substitutes for information, thought, and exact statement. His "appeal to the middle classes" starts with an uncritical acceptance of natural rights, and goes on to pay unqualified tribute to Malthus, "a famous economist of a century and a quarter ago," who is "at par again," we learn, and to Ricardo, who becomes the author of a misunderstood and misstated iron law of wages. We are beat about the head with the "fact" that there are "approximately 2,000,000 usually" unemployed in this country, by reason of which "fact" this book was written— unluckily. The looting of the Rock Island is typical of "what was going on throughout the whole field of finance." "The concentration of wealth has been growing steadily ever since the Civil War," and the middle class is being gradually eliminated. Having indicated our present parlous situation by serving up a farrago of similar loose statements, misstatements, and unjustified inferences, Mr. Finney summons "us" of the "middle class" to save our country from impending doom by inducing the "working class" to have no more babies than "we" have, and by leading everybody to bring about the reforms indicated in chapters eleven and twelve. If more of this sort of thing is to be perpetrated in the name of sociology, give us rather socialism with all its horrors; or rather, let us turn over the universities to Senator Lusk, provided only that he will set the deposed professors to plowing corn or doing other useful work instead of writing books.

Mr. Birck's big volume on "The Marginal Theory of Value" leaves one with a different sense of university futility. Here is no lack of scholarship or honest hard work—but to what is it devoted? To an elaborate explication of a theory derived deductively from a few simple premises resting on a discredited psychology. The Copenhagen economist is walking in the old treadmill turning the same old machinery with its elaborate paraphernalia of curves and formulas for the impressive representation of unknown if not unknowable data. He declares that "for us the conception 'demand' is not an empty phrase," yet it is difficult to discern in his studies any of the results of the newer psychological and quantitative work that promises in time to transfer economics from the realm of metaphysics to that of science, thus helping us to understand the world and the means of making it better. What the practical men, politicians and merchants, will deduce from his theories, says the author, does not concern him. It need not; they will deduce nothing. Yet many men really want light.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

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Einstein's World

Einstein: Einblicke in seine Gedankenwelt. Von Alexander Moszkowski. Berlin: F. Fontane & Company.

NO technically qualified person has hitherto succeeded in conveying the substance of Einstein's theories and discoveries to the public, which, now that the first wave of interest in Einstein has receded, finds itself bewildered and wearied by most renewals of the subject. Not so with Alexander Moszkowski's new book. It is neither biographical nor stenographic; it is not a critique nor does it consist of "impressions." It is a simple story of certain discussions which took place between its author and Einstein. Assurance is given that the conversations originally had no set purpose, least of all that of gathering the materials for a book. In the record as finally set down two highly gifted conversationalists spin out their themes with all the unaffected graces that make good conversation. Opposition and debate are used by Moszkowski with good effect, in spite of the frequently ludicrous contrast between the little considerations advanced by Moszkowski and the large strokes with which they are settled by Einstein. How much, one must wonder, is Einstein and how much is Moszkowski? By his very choice of method, Moszkowski explicitly abandons pretensions to biographical or scientific rigor, but nevertheless it is with the greatest clearness that there appears a real contrast of intellectual quality and manner of speaking between the two men.

Interesting as an example of the happy effect of conversational peripatetic treatment is the discussion about fixed and moving rigid units of length. Einstein's formal demonstration that the extent of such units of length varies according to the condition of motion or rest of the observer is not half so convincing as this casual discussion of this subject. No less effective is the dialogue in which Moszkowski challenges Einstein to make his theorems conform to Kirchhoff's requirement that every new scientific truth must be so constituted that it is capable of being communicated, in ordinary writing, within the space of a quarto sheet of paper. Einstein rolls up his rigorous mathematical sleeves and returns to the attack with huge zest. When he has finished, there is left on the paper not only a lucid epitome but extra space besides.

In the come and go of conversation specific Einstein matters turn up and vanish with hardly noticeable preferment over other subjects generally related to the history and biography of physical science. Moszkowski himself has encyclopedic knowledge of these branches, and it may well be imagined that Einstein submitted to being Boswellized the more willingly for the reason that his Boswell was an agile sparring partner. The wealth of topics discussed by the two scientists can only be alluded to here. That so many matters could be treated in the admittedly loose conversational style without producing a welter of confusion can be explained by reference to the precision and orderliness of Einstein's mental habits. The extraordinary synthesis achieved by his theories strictly within the field of mathematical physics shows itself to have reached out toward most modern facts and theories. In the chapter called Valhalla is told how Einstein feels toward the other heroes of scientific conquest. Elsewhere the artistic-creative attributes of scientific discovery as well as its accidental-fatalistic ones are touched upon. It is everywhere apparent that Einstein's sense of humor knows how to frolic. Puzzles relating to positions of the hands of the clock and a practical fourth-dimension problem which involves the shedding of his vest without previous removal of his coat amuse him enormously. Like most great specialists, Einstein would probably not come up to the formal standards prescribed for the "well-read man," but that does not prevent him from being awake to the best that ancient and modern literature has to offer. His lack of interest in painting is offset by his appreciation of sculpture and architecture. Particularly architecture, the characterization of which by Goethe as petrified music also expresses Einstein's own attitude, harmonizes with his nature. Perhaps it could hardly be otherwise when we think of him as the sensitive, accomplished musician and "the spanner of equations between electrons and the firmament."

JULIUS KUTTNER

Babbitt

Babbitt. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

WITH one accord both the simple and the sophisticated will ask at once: Is "Babbitt" as good as "Main Street"? There need be no hesitation in answering: it is better. There is a higher concentration of substance, a more scrupulous testing of style, the rhythm of life and of the form used as symbol are felt to be identical. Unwary readers will think a good deal of "Babbitt" raw material and use the limp word "photographic." Nothing, on the contrary, is more remarkable than the way in which Mr. Lewis has produced a perfect illusion of reality by letting the creative imagination select and mold and guide and lift the vast mass of observation which must be his. A central and controlling intention, partly artistic, partly intellectual, has worked from within outward to create the picture and the symbol, the thing shown and the thing to be shown forth as one. A precious example of Mr. Lewis's method is the annual address delivered by George F. Babbitt before the Real Estate Board of the city of Zenith. No booster or Rotarian ever made such a speech. But it is the speech that every booster and Rotarian has made in his dreams. It is the essence of Rotarianism thrice purified by the ironic vision of a creative mind. It is Rotarianism made eternal and perfect for our delectation and the terror and laughter of posterity.

From the small town Mr. Lewis has proceeded to the typical American city, from quietness, rudeness, and bickering to the granite arched and nickel-plated splendors of sound business, great hotels, cottage-colonies, boulevard systems, and up-to-date offices. He gives us the visible image of Zenith; he gives us the noise, the hustle, the glare; beneath it—buried deep and voluntarily—he shows us the helpless hush, the spiritual stagnancy, the dimness and confusion. Babbitt is himself and a symbol and also a symbol of his city. His life is speed without aim, matter without form, activity without desire. Activity without desire! It was Lee Randon's trouble in Hergesheimer's story. It is the deep trouble of poor George Babbitt. With a forlorn cheerfulness he says, at the end of things, to his son: "Practically I've never done a single thing I've wanted to in my whole life!" A mechanical civilization and a system of morals with which the will can no longer identify itself—these forces move on of their own impetus. They are implicated with this economic structure and threaten the dissenter with exile and hunger. Thus life is lived by a fundamental fear. Babbitt, for all his joviality and bluster, is a creature of fear. He fears his business associates, his friends, his political representatives, his wife. He fears for his business which gives him prosperity without wealth, for his home that gives him order without comfort, for domestic affections that keep out forlornness but do not warm his soul. He has never done what he wanted to do; he possesses nothing that he truly wants. His friend, Paul Riesling, a more sensitive spirit, is destroyed by the conflict. Fear drives Babbitt back from his timid wanderings to the celebration of things as, for him, they are.

This somber ground-work of the story is implicit in every line of the book. It is implicit only. The surface is all movement and ironic gayety, marvelously authentic talk and vivid people. Interpretation is limited to a phrase or an adjective. But from the few scenes and phrases that illustrate the relations of George Babbitt and his wife, a history of the inner truth of a typical American marriage could be developed. And from that one may derive the story of poor, ruffled Tanis and of the girl in the manicure shop; and from the fate of Paul and Zilla a

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good deal is to be inferred concerning the story of strange religious movements in America, and from the political scenes and the strike the character of our governmental methods and forces.

This account of "Babbitt" has purposely omitted those elements in the book that will not lack public appreciation. There is an exactness and ironic felicity in the rendering of the surface of American life that is astounding. The various meetings and banquets, especially the gathering of the alumni of the State University, the business conferences, the dispiriting social experiments, the advertisements of Frick, the scenes at the Athletic Club, the ecclesiastical activities of Dr. Drew—all these are in no need of praise. Nor is Mr. Lewis's command of the American idiom which, granting a necessary symbolic concentration and hence exaggeration, is simply consummate. But all these things could be found in a brilliant *feuilleton* or sketch. What gives "Babbitt" its artistic value is Mr. Lewis's profound recognition that these noisy lives are lived by fear and without desire. Under his virtuosity is his sense of the tragic in life, his steady closeness to those permanent values by which he condemns the bright and busy scene he delineates. It would be futile to attempt to inquire into the absolute aesthetic value of such a book as "Babbitt," nor would the inquiry be important. What is certain is that to us the book represents a deed of high cultural significance and that the future historian of American civilization will turn to it with infinite profit, with mingled amusement, astonishment, and pity.

L. L.

A Necessary Evil

Le Stupide XIX^e siècle. Par Léon Daudet. Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Nationale.

"LE Stupide dix-neuvième siècle" is a summation in unmistakable language of a philosophy which is coming more and more into its own and which is seldom stated with such uncompromising clearness and frankness as here. It is the philosophy of Joseph de Maistre and the Vicomte de Bonald, now revived in France by the group of *l'Action Française*. It is the philosophy of Dante's "De Monarchia," of the Abbé Lantaigne in "L'Orme du Mail," and of the Republican majority in the Congress of the United States. It is here articulated through a criticism of the nineteenth century, which in Daudet's bright lexicon began oddly enough with 1789, ducked its head under the covers during the first Restoration, peeked out during the Hundred Days, then slept again until July, 1830. After that it was on the rampage until 1914 when the opening shots of the Battle of the Marne put an end to it—forever, if the hopes of the author are realized.

Such an extraordinary chronology is all the evidence one would need to know that Léon Daudet is discussing philosophy, not history. For him as for his German counterpart, Hegel, there are such things as "ages," which embody, mysteriously enough, certain ideas. It is the idea embodied by the nineteenth century which Daudet is talking of: that idea is the democratic dogma.

The democratic dogma is having a hard time of it nowadays. In the general disillusionment which was bound to follow the enthusiasms of the French Revolution, democracy had to come in for its share. It has not accomplished all the good that was expected of it; it has introduced new evils which had not been anticipated. As human beings seem to like panaceas alone and to suspect the cup that cheers but not inebriates, democracy has come to be viewed with more and more suspicion. The democratic dogma is the worth and dignity of the human individual. The truth according to Daudet and his school is that the individual is worthless. He is but an atom in a social system. This social system is not, however, the economic but the religious community. That gives it a supernatural aura which permits one to describe it and to argue about it without the difficulties of producing evidence. It alone has the right to exist. The democratic dogma breaks up its solidarity; it makes for multiplicity, variety, chaos, license, as against the unity, homogeneity, order, and discipline of—what? Catholicism and royalty.

In other words, democracy and liberalism are offshoots of Luther's rebellion. "C'est la Reformette." They came into France as first the *genevoiserie* of Jean-Jacques and second the critical philosophy of Kant—"which reeks of the Pomeranian university and beyond that of Hanseatic counters: for behind Kant there is the Jew Hamann, from whom Kant borrowed the famous distinction of phenomenon and noumenon and the noumenisation of his moral axiom number one." Note then that the master ideas of the nineteenth century are not only Protestant and German, but are—*horribile dictu*—Jewish.

It is about time these issues were thoroughly threshed out. For the value of democracy is no longer a matter of purely academic interest, if it ever was; it is a matter of precise social practices. If it and liberalism are to go by the board, exactly why are they condemned and what is to take their place? That they are suffering condemnation is obvious to anyone who has his eyes and ears open. Certainly in America and France reaction has never flourished as it has today. It may not actually be the ruling philosophy, but it is moving up. What reaction means in France is perfectly clear. In its extreme form—which only *l'Action Française* advocates—it means a restoration of the Bourbons, of the closest relations possible between Rome and the state, of the extinction of religious minorities—in short, all the beauties of the seventeenth century except those which spring from the soul of the individual. That is a program. It has been realized before in the nineteenth century and Daudet predicts it will be realized again, in ten years if not in five. That, of course, must be taken with many grains of salt, but it must be taken.

As a challenge to non-Catholic and non-royalist critics of democracy, "Le Stupide dix-neuvième siècle" is invaluable. Moreover, it contains some genuinely valuable criticisms of less fundamental traits of the nineteenth century. The exposé of the fanaticism of science and of anti-clericalism is both well expressed and to the point. Daudet's hatred of romantic nonsense, the sighing and groaning, the Byronic gestures, the deadly seriousness of the cults and creeds, in the arts and the social sciences, is equally to the point. As he himself says, what the nineteenth century lacked most was a Molière. In its later years it has had an Anatole France whose exquisite skepticism has saved the souls of the more acute readers. But a good hearty laugh—which was more than buffoonery and less than Meredithian satire—was not to be had. The spirit of liberalism was too deeply ingrained to be satirized by its friends, and its enemies hated it too deeply to write about it intelligently.

Because its spirit was often doctrinaire and hideous, because the nineteenth century was as pathetic as all the other centuries, is no reason to scream "Off with its head!" An understanding glance at the story of civilization would show anyone that screaming—though popular—has never accomplished much in the way of reform. It was all very well for Jeremiah, if you will, but it leads to the asylum nowadays.

M. Daudet writes as if people became romantic by reading books on romanticism, and democratic by reading books on democracy. He seems to feel that a mere proclamation is the act it proclaims. It is that doctrine which prevents free speech, irrespective of the effects of the speaking. To have the written idea is enough. That ideas may be descriptions of lives led, or of lives desired, seems not to enter his head. He talks of romanticism or of liberalism or what you will, as if romanticists or liberals or the others sat down solemnly and decided to be romantic or liberal because of the truth or falsity of romanticism or liberalism. That everyone believes his ideas to be true—unless he is a hypocrite—is overlooked. That is why M. Daudet hates people who disagree with him as one hates what is foul. For disagreement in a homogeneous, rational, and harmonious world is possible only through sinfulness.

GEORGE BOAS

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Books in Brief

The Story of the Irish Nation. By Francis Hackett. Century. $2.

Written in not much more than three weeks, this book does not of course claim to be a work of erudition, and it is not one; but back of the writing lay many times three weeks' and several times three years of thought about the Irish character and the Irish problem. The result is something fresh, stirring, interpretative, valuable.

Science and Human Affairs. By Winterton C. Curtis. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

A systematic, though neither profound nor creative, examination of the place played in human affairs, past and present, by science—here defined as "the product of human reason applied to the phenomena of nature" and illustrated largely from biology. The job was worth doing and has been well done.

The Van Roon. By J. C. Snaith. Appleton. $2.

All about a pure young man who found a priceless painting in a dingy shop and would have lost it to a crafty old man if it had not been for a canny young woman who hated the old man and loved the young man and who was helped by a noble baronet and his lovely daughter to keep the picture—or its price—in the family which came into being because the pure young man also loved the canny young woman and married her. Innocent of ideas, the tale is bright, light, and amusing.

The Red House Mystery. By A. A. Milne. Dutton. $2.

An excellent detective story, which uses all the tricks of that trade and yet makes good fun of them. The style is charming, the manner civilized. If Mr. Milne can write as well as this it is perhaps as well that Conan Doyle has lost himself in the glimpses of his particular spooky moon.

The Red Knight. By Francis Brett Young. Dutton. $2.

When Anglo-Saxon heroes used to go to Ruritania or Graustark for adventures and brides they were more in the mode than now, but not one of them was ever more attractive than the Robert Bryden whom Mr. Brett Young takes to Trinacria and through the very modern struggles of revolution and counter-revolution. If Ruritanian romances must be written this one is the kind to write.

IN view of the desire which has been expressed that a biography of the late Viscount Bryce should be published, Viscountess Bryce would be grateful if his friends in the United States would have the courtesy to forward to her, care of the Macmillan Company, 64 Fifth Avenue, New York, any of his letters which they may have preserved. The letters will be duly returned as soon as copies have been taken of them.

Drama

Native Comedy

THESE comedies are feeble because they are frightened or because they are not comedies at all. They are written with fear; they are written with a kind of spiritual servility. Year after year I try imaginatively to grasp the psychology of these dramatists who either have nothing to say and are yet so noisy, or else have something to say and prefer perverting it to the risk of silence or conflict. Their motives elude me. Mr. James Forbes must be a rich man. He wrote "The Chorus Lady" and "The Famous Mrs. Fair." He has a shrewd insight into social conditions of a well-defined sort and a pretty gift in the matter of characterization. He is not without wit or elegance. The first act of "The Endless Chain" (George M. Cohan Theater) is veracious as well as agreeable; you are more than willing to follow the true fortunes of these people. You are given no chance. In the second act a villain, scorned by the heroine, slanders her to her husband's rich friend. In the newsboy yarns of my youth the bad boy put the stolen jewel into the good boy's trunk. That kind of suspense is puerile. I blush, almost literally, for Mr. Forbes when, in his last act, the misunderstanding is cleared up and the wealthy friend of the struggling young couple says—yes, *ipsissima verba*: "I think I am beginning to see it all now." If I could fathom the state of mind in which, in this year of grace, a clever, intelligent, cultivated gentleman can deliberately pen—or type—that line in the seclusion of his study, alone there, I take it, with his art, his conscience, and his God—if I could fathom that! Well, if I could, I would not only know the soul of Mr. Forbes; I would be a Rotarian, a booster, a screen censor with the heart of a film cowboy and the mind of a little child.

Mr. Arthur Richman's case is less obscure; it has not the same bloom of innocence. He conceived and perhaps even wrote a searching little tragedy of a gallant woman who was broken by the worthlessness of her son. Those two characters he has conceived with insight and strong tenderness and executed with a creative vigor that surpasses anything in his play "Ambush." But "Ambush," being a tragedy, was a comparative failure. So Mr. Richman gives the mother an old, old sweetheart who, at the twelfth hour—the eleventh is long past—sends the boy to a ranch to become a changed man so that he can marry a good girl and inherit millions and never, never be bad again. And that is all the more depressing since Mr. Richman's triumph as an artist consisted precisely in showing us the hopeless inherent weakness and necessarily disastrous end of Jerry Middleton. Thus "A Serpent's Tooth" (Little Theater), which might have marked an advance in the career of one of our few serious dramatists, is a total loss.

Other comedies range from the mildly true and occasionally amusing to scarcely imaginable imbecility. "The Torch Bearers" by Gregory Kelly (Forty-Eighth Street Theater) is a satire on the social and personal uses to which a large and domineering lady in a provincial town puts the Little Theater movement. The lady is acutely portrayed and the play has moments in which broad farce still keeps in touch with nature. But it ends heavily with a dull artifice. "So This is London" by Arthur Goodrich (Hudson Theater) has the praiseworthy aim of softening international prejudices. But in order to do that it introduces an Englishman who is a snob and a cheat and an American who is a bounder and a cheat and it is difficult to understand whose bosom the process is to soothe. The audience seemed to be pleased because the Englishman had to drop his snobbishness for cash; the American, having unlimited quantities, remained insufferable. I infer that this reaction has a connection, quite dark to me, with the patriotic emotions. "Her Temporary Husband" by Edward A. Paulton (Frazee Theater) is a farce about a will, an invalid married for legal purposes, an athletic lover who impersonates the invalid and gets the girl and the money. The force of drivel, to misquote a great poet, can no further go.

How much better the mimes are than the playwrights! Marie Tempest in "A Serpent's Tooth" gives you the very image of a humorous, intrepid, and yet fundamentally stricken soul and Leslie Howard, as the rascally son in the same play, has quiet gestures and expressions so drenched with moral significance that they leave you breathless. In "The Endless Chain" Margaret Lawrence shows a delightful power over the "humble, nameless, unremembered" details of living that make up nine-tenths of life; even Alison Skipworth in "The Torch Bearers" remains a genuine memory. These artists achieve perfection of a kind. The playwrights are bunglers or salesmen of their souls. I prefer the very dancers. If you want honest, charming, scrupulous art, see Mary Haun and the splendid and somber Galdino Sedano—he is like a Renaissance bronze relief—and the lovely Keene twins in "Daffy Dill" (Apollo Theater), or the vivid, energetic little chorus that adorns "The Gingham Girl" (Earl Carroll Theater).

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The New Harvest in Russia

THE latest information from Russia indicates that the harvest has not been as successful as was predicted earlier in the summer. According to the data and figures of the Division of Current Agricultural Statistics of the Central Statistical Department of the RSFSR published in the Moscow *Ekonomicheskaya Zhisn* of August 12, the crops were considerably lowered between June 15 and July 15. The following brief summary of these figures explains the situation.

On June 15 the estimates, based on weather conditions and the conditions of the crops, indicated that the harvest would be 103 per cent of the normal average all over the territory of the RSFSR. On July 15, however, owing to changed weather conditions and partial droughts as well as to bad sowing, the prospects were that 97 per cent of the normal average crop would be gathered. In the famine-stricken provinces of the Volga the change in the prospects is expressed in the following figures: In the provinces of the Central Volga region the prospects on June 15 were expressed in the figure 3.1*, on July 1—3.0, and on July 15—2.8. In the lower Volga region: On June 15—3.2, on July 1—2.8, and on July 15—2.6.

These figures show that the earlier hopes of a harvest that would exceed the normal average and give enough grain not only to feed the starving population of Russia itself but even to be used for export purposes were premature. However, a comparison with the crop conditions on June 15 of the famine year 1921 show an enormous improvement in the conditions.

On June 15, 1921 the prospects for the harvest were expressed in the figure 1.8 for all principal cereals on the territory of the RSFSR, and in the figure 2.3 in the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic, and on the same date of 1922 the respective figures were 2.9 and 3.0.

The Russian Communists and Their Opponents

THE new economic policies of the Soviet Government have been reflected not only in the economic field but, to a certain degree, in the political relations within the country as well. New social elements have come to the surface and the different political groupings, for a time outlawed in Soviet Russia, are striving for influence among those economic elements which might respond to their appeal. This new situation and the measures to combat it were discussed at length at the All-Russian Conference of the Russian Communist Party, held in Moscow in August and embodied in the following resolution printed in the Moscow *Izvestia* of August 10.

Resolution on the Anti-Soviet Parties

1. In summing up the first year of the existence of the Soviet Government under the new economic policy, the Russian Communist Party cannot overlook the new groupings which are being formed in the anti-soviet camp, and the way in which the tactics of the anti-soviet parties and groups are evolving and changing during this new phase of the revolution.

2. On the whole the beginning of a process of real differentiation in the anti-soviet camp has been noticeable during the last year. The split in the party of the Constitutional Democrats into Left and Right Constitutional Democrats and the creation, in connection with this split, of two Constitutional Democratic organizations abroad, the appearance of the "Smiena Viekh" (Change of the Road-Posts) among a definite part of the bourgeoisie, the deep split within the Church which has just begun and which is pregnant with serious results, the division of the Social Revolutionists into a series of new groups and subgroups, the increasing differentiation among the student-body in Russia and even among the emigrant part of the student-body, the growing differentiation among the highest strata of the former White Guard commandership—all this taken together is a symptom of the weakening of the anti-soviet camp and an indirect confirmation of the fact that our position is becoming stronger.

3. But at the same time the very first year of the existence of the Soviet Government under the new economic policy brought with it new and dangerous phenomena which it is necessary to keep in mind. The anti-soviet parties and groups have partly changed their tactics; they are endeavoring to take advantage of the soviet legally in the interest of counter revolution and they have adopted the method of "growing into" the soviet regime, which they hope gradually to change in the spirit of bourgeois democracy and which they believe is by itself approaching an inevitable bourgeois regeneration.

All these processes of disintegration, decomposition, and regrouping in the anti-soviet camp are nursed not only by the fact that some groups of the bourgeois intelligentsia have split away from the old bloc of the feudal generals and landlords with the big capitalistic bourgeoisie, but also by the partial restoration of capitalism within the borders of the Soviet state which gave rise to the elements of the so-called "new bourgeoisie" (traders, private lease-holders, the different liberal professions in the cities and villages, the village sharks, etc.).

4. The first year of the existence of the Soviet Government under the new economic policy—which was coincident with the hardest famine, with the strengthening of capitalist reaction, with the demands of the capitalists and governments of the Entente to the Soviet Government, demands at Genoa and the Hague plainly directed at restoration—stimulated not only the Social-Revolutionaries and the Mensheviks to increase their counter-revolutionary activities, but also the higher strata of the apparently non-partisan bourgeois intelligentsia which in fact was always trying to play politics. The experiment of the notorious All-Russian Public Committee for the Relief of the Famine Sufferers, which tried to use the legal famine relief organization for counter-revolutionary purposes, was only the first step in this direction. We have seen the same thing at the Pan-Russian Medical Convention (May, 1922), at the convention of the agronomists, at the convention of rural cooperatives. The upper strata of the Social Revolutionists, Mensheviks, and the bourgeois intelligentsia, who are always engaged in making politics, have tried to use these conventions in the interests of counter-revolution.

5. The beginning of the new economic policy caused the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionists to hope that the Russian Communist Party would capitulate and that a "democratic" coalition would be put in power. But to the degree that all these hopes are proving illusory the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionists are becoming more and more adventurous. On the one hand the heads of the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionists have adopted an attitude of challenging hostility and they are trying to organize a movement against the Soviet Government while criticizing it from the standpoint of the slogans and hopes of the October Revolution itself, falsely presenting their parties as the only organizations which, at the present moment, are ready to fight for the actual realization of the demands declared by the masses during the years of the high tide of the proletarian revolution. This kind of agitation on the part of the Social Revolutionists and Mensheviks has and can have no serious success among the masses, on account of its too apparent falseness and also because

* In the official estimates of the Statistical Department the figure 3 is used to signify the normal average crop.

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after the experiences of the past years of civil war even the great mass of the people realize what can and what cannot be done at the present time. This kind of propaganda by the Social Revolutionists and Mensheviks is only an indirect tribute to the ideas of bolshevism, confirming the great popularity of our slogans among the masses of the toiling population. In the long run this kind of agitation will turn against the Social Revolutionists and Mensheviks. To the extent that the general improvement of conditions will help us to hasten the practical accomplishment of the positive program of the October Revolution, the mass of the people will plainly see the treacherous role of the Social Revolutionists and Mensheviks who in fact have all the time prevented us from turning this program into life.

But on the other hand the same Social Revolutionists and Mensheviks are trying to take advantage of the legal possibilities of the Soviet regime and are making partial demands on the Soviet Government. The legal conventions and "social" organizations of the above-named character are serving for the Social Revolutionists and Mensheviks, as well as for other counter-revolutionary groups, including even the Constitutional Monarchists, as an arena in which they exercise their latest tactics of "taking advantage of the legal opportunities offered by the Soviets."

6. The anti-soviet parties and groups are trying particularly to make use of the cooperatives. The Russian Communist Party can and ought to assist with all its means in the regeneration of cooperation and in the strengthening of its economic power. But the Russian Communist Party should not for a moment close its eyes to the fact that the counter-revolutionary parties and groups are neglecting the fundamental interests of the cooperatives in trying to turn the latter into strongholds and organization bases for the counter-revolution. . . . The anti-soviet parties and groups are systematically endeavoring to turn the agricultural cooperatives into a weapon for the counter-revolutionary village sharks, the higher educational institutions into a tribune for open bourgeois propaganda, the legal publishing business into a means of agitation against the power of the workers and peasants, etc. Special attention should in this respect be paid to the villages where, owing to the new economic policy and the rise of the village bourgeoisie which is controlling the village intellectuals, the anti-soviet elements are striving not only to penetrate into the cooperatives, but to assume control of the village soviets and the volost executive committees.

7. The so-called group of the Smiena Viekh has so far played and may still play an outwardly progressive part. This group has united and is uniting those elements of the emigration and of the Russian intelligentsia which have "resigned themselves" to the Soviet Government and are willing to cooperate with it in the regeneration of the country. So far the Smiena Viekh has taken and is taking a positive attitude. But at the same time it is necessary to bear in mind that among the Smiena Viekh the tendencies toward bourgeois restoration are strong, that what they have in common with the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionists is the hope that the economic concessions will be followed by political concessions all in the direction of bourgeois democracy.

All this puts before the Russian Communist Party the following problems:

The party should itself remember and should systematically remind the whole working class and the peasantry that the revolution is still in direct danger. This was plainly demonstrated at the Hague. In one form or another there always remains a sufficiently close connection between international capitalist reaction and the anti-soviet parties and groups. The course and the details of the recent trial of the Social Revolutionaries have shown that this connection of the internal counter-revolution with foreign capital is sufficiently close and not platonic. The anti-soviet parties and groups are not crushed yet. They are changing their tactics and while adjusting themselves to the new conditions they are endeavoring, with the support of the European capitalist reaction, to strike the Soviet Government from behind.

In the immediate future the party must direct its serious attention to those forms of organization and social life which are most accessible to the influence of the anti-soviet parties and groups. Such are: All kinds of cooperatives (especially agricultural cooperatives); the higher, middle, and lower schools; the trade unions (especialy the non-productive and those which are not of purely proletarian composition); the cultural and educational movements of the youth; the publishing business, etc. The party organizations must devote their full attention and force to this work in order to deprive the anti-soviet groups of every influence and thus destroy the possible strongholds of their existence. The press, the higher school, the cooperatives—all these are also "commanding heights" which the party must at all costs retain or capture. The ability of the Russian Communist Party to concentrate its attention upon the important problem of the moment has always been its strongest feature. If the right tactics are adopted, the Russian Communist Party will be able in this instance also ultimately to liquidate the parties of the Social Revolutionists and Mensheviks as political factors.

The party organizations should watch the process of differentiation which has begun among the anti-soviet groups, and approach in a serious, business-like manner each group previously hostile to the Soviet Government and at present displaying even the slightest sincere desire actually to assist the working class and the peasantry in the work of rehabilitating the public economy, raising the cultural level of the population, etc. More than at any other time, the party organizations must display a discriminating attitude toward each separate group (or even person) among the representatives of the sciences, technology, medicine, pedagogy, etc. As regards the actually non-partisan elements among the representatives of technology and science, the body of teachers, authors, poets, and others who have grasped even in the most general terms the real meaning of the great accomplished revolution, it is necessary to support them systematically and to cooperate with them.

The party should do everything in its power to assist in the crystallization of those elements and groups which are displaying an earnest desire to aid the workers' and peasants' state. In the capital and in the country town the party must patiently, systematically, and firmly pursue this course in order to make it easier for such elements to cooperate with the Soviet Government.

On its own part the Party must do everything possible to satisfy the growing cultural needs and the awakened thirst for knowledge manifested by the people. These are the most characteristic traits of the present phase of the revolution, together with the striving of the population to make secure the achievements of the revolution, to maintain revolutionary order, and actually to raise its standards of life. To the degree that the Party will assist the Soviet Government in satisfying these needs, the anti-soviet parties and groups will finally lose every stronghold. In connection with this the most urgent tasks before the Party are: to speed up and increase the work of preparing new cadres of workers for all branches of state building from among the members of the Russian Communist Party and the Russian Association of Communist Youth; systematically to develop and improve the educational work of the Party among its own members.

It is necessary to oppose the bourgeois influence with a series of measures of a propagandistic-educational nature. It is necessary to direct every effort toward the strengthening of the proletarian kernel within our party. . . .

It is necessary to point out the following immediate tasks before the party:

(1) To improve scientific work along communist lines in order to be able to direct our course toward "militant materialism" and to improve the whole ideology of revolutionary Marx-

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Are We a Nation of Low-Brows?

It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly.

Without Cultural Leadership.

The main criticism, as we find it, is that the people support ventures that are unworthy, that represent no cultural standards. The public is fed on low-brow reading matter, low-brow movies, low-brow theatrical productions, low-brow music, low-brow newspapers, low-brow magazines. We think the criticism is unfair in that it does not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the divine spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough talk about the public's inferior taste. The time has come to give the public an opportunity to find out something about philosophy, science and other higher things. And it must be done at a low price, because the average person's pocketbook is not fat. As it stands, the publishers charge about five dollars a volume, and then wonder why the people stand aloof.

We believe we have a way to find out if the people are interested in the deeper problems of life. And the first thing we decided was to fix a price that shall be within the reach of the person with the most slender purse.

We have selected a library of 25 books, which we are going to offer the public at an absurdly low price. We shall do this to find out if it is true that the public is not going to accept the better things when once given the chance. And we shall make the price so inviting that there shall be no excuse on the ground of expense.

All Great Things Are Simple.

Once the contents of the following 25 books are absorbed and digested, we believe a person will be well on the road to culture. And by culture we do not mean something dry-as-dust, something incomprehensible to the average mind—genuine culture, like great sculpture, can be made to delight the common as well as the elect. The books listed below are all simple works and yet they are great—all great things are simple. They are serious works of course, but we do not think the public will refuse to put its mind on serious topics. Here are the 25 books:

Are the People Ready to Read These 25 Books?

Schopenhauer's Essays. For those who regard philosophy as a thing of abstractions, vague and divorced from life, Schopenhauer will be a revelation.

The Trial and Death of Socrates. This is dramatic literature as well as sound philosophy.

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The Discovery of the Future. H. G. Wells asks and answers the question: Is life just an unsolvable, haphazard struggle?

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Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer presents a well-studied viewpoint of life. The substance of his philosophy.

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Life and Character. Goethe. The fruits of his study and observation is explained in this volume.

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ism (improve the work of the Socialist academy, of the scientific chairs in the Communist universities, capture the scientific organs of the Soviet universities, etc.).

(2) Inasmuch as a great part in the struggle against bourgeois influence is played by the soviet and Party press, it is necessary to organize it according to a general plan and devote the necessary forces and means for journalistic work.

(3) To adopt every measure immediately to improve the instruction in the Party schools of the higher type and to improve radically their material situation.

(4) To bend all efforts toward raising the political level of the rank and file of the Party.

(5) In order to consolidate the activities of the Marxian groups it is necessary to create in connection with the provincial committees of the Party, boards of propaganda and permanent propaganda councils. . . .

(6) To point out to the propaganda department of the Central Committee the necessity of adopting a series of measures for educational work in the country adapting this work to the conditions of the present moment.

(7) At the same time it is still impossible to renounce repressive measures not only in relation to the Social Revolutionists and Mensheviks but also to the higher strata of the apparently non-partisan bourgeois democratic intelligentsia, which is misusing the fundamental interests of the whole body of Russia for their counter-revolutionary aims and for whom the interests of science, technology, pedagogy, and the cooperatives are only a screen for their political activities.

Repressive measures which must inevitably fail when they are directed against a rising class (as at one time the repressions of the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionists against us) are dictated by revolutionary expediency when it is a matter of crushing the decaying groups which are endeavoring to recapture the positions taken from them by the proletariat. However the Party organizations should not overestimate the role of repressive measures and they must always bear in mind that only in conjunction with all the other above-named measures do repressions achieve their purpose.

In Defense of Revolution

FROM *Pravda* for July 22 we reprint the following open letter to the leaders of the British Labor Party, Ramsay MacDonald, Tom Shaw, and Arthur Henderson.

We have read in the newspapers the account of the trial of the Irish revolutionists, O'Sullivan and Denna, charged with the murder of the executioner of the Irish people, Marshal Wilson. We read with the greatest perplexity that the judge in your democratic country has denied the accused the right of explaining before the court the causes which impelled them to kill Wilson. The judge advanced as the reason for his refusal the excuse that he could not permit the courtroom to be used for purposes of anarchist propaganda or political manifestation. We recall to your attention how you tried to obtain from us guaranties of freedom of defense for the Social Revolutionist leaders, tried by the revolutionary tribunals of our land for the assassination of the proletarian leader, Volodarsky, for the attempt on the life of Lenin, and for organizing insurrections against the workers and peasants of Russia with the money of foreign capitalist countries. We assure you that they will have this freedom of defense. Notwithstanding the fact that you and your friends of the Second International have broken the Berlin Agreement, notwithstanding the fact that you, in violation of your compact for the organization of a single international front of the proletariat, have excluded from the ranks of the British Labor Party our comrades, the communist workers of England, notwithstanding these facts the accused Social Revolutionist terrorists and conspirators have enjoyed full freedom of defense and have been able for thirty days to explain the motives of their actions in lengthy speeches. We apologize before the honest—though non-Socialist—Irish revolutionists for comparing them with people who have turned their revolvers on the fighters against imperialism, against the exploitation of peoples, who have done this in agreement with capitalist countries who wish to enslave Russia. We know that you, leaders of the British Labor Party, who have demanded the freedom of Georgia, the Ukraine, and other parts of Russia, in spite of the fact that workers' and peasants' governments springing out of the midst of the people exist in all these countries, we know that you in your party congress were shameless enough to condemn the terrorist act of the Irish revolutionists, who were fighting for the freedom of their country at the risk of their lives. We, not being champions of one-sided terror, consider it a great disgrace to condemn such acts—if they are aimed against the bourgeoisie. But we say that the question at issue is not our or your political appraisal of the acts of the Irish revolutionists, but rather the defense of their elementary human rights before the judge. We do not know whether you came out with a protest against the closing of the mouths of men who are looking death in the eyes. We do not know what Arthur Henderson, the Privy Councilor of the King, has done in private by means of his influence upon the King's Council in order to obtain freedom of defense for the Irish. We consider it inadmissible that a leader of the Labor Party should be a privy councilor of the King, when it is his duty to be an open enemy of His Majesty. But we believe that, once your party acquiesces in such a shameful role, you must then employ all your intimate influence upon the imperialist government for the defense of the elementary rights of justice.

We have just read the telegram announcing that both the Irish revolutionists have been condemned to be hanged. We cannot for a moment cherish the idea that the British Labor Party, which has behind it a million workers, the party against whose will the British Government cannot stand, will permit the death of the Irish revolutionists. We anticipate that you will allay our fears and that we will very soon receive a telegram announcing that you have summoned all the British workers to a general strike, so as not to permit the bloody punishment of the British imperialist executioners to fall upon the sons who are fighting for the freedom of their noble Irish people. In the interests of the future of the British working class we remind you that, at the time when the British workers will wage a deadly battle for socialism against the British capitalists, their victory will depend upon the support which they will receive from the colonial peoples who are enslaved by the British ruling class. If you have no feeling of solidarity with the Irish revolutionists you must understand that it is a practical necessity for the British working class to see to it that the Irish, Egyptian, and Indian peasants regard them as friends and not as enemies. If you are silent then your hands will be covered with the blood of the murdered Irish revolutionists.

We turn to you, although we know that you are no revolutionists, because you turned to us as delegates to the Berlin conference of the three Internationals, with the request to spare the Social Revolutionist terrorists. We send our request to all parties of the 2d and 2½ Internationals, demanding that they exert maximum pressure through you upon the British Government to obtain a fair trial for the Irish revolutionists and to secure permission for representatives of the Third International, which is the defender of all oppressed peoples, to attend the trial and to raise their voice in the name of millions of workers and peasants in defense of the accused Irish revolutionists. We assure you that our defenders will not leave England before the end of the trial, no matter what demonstrations the partisans of imperialism may organize against them.

KARL RADEK
N. BUKHARIN

Delegates of the Executive Committee of the Third International to The Berlin Conference of the Three Internationals.

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"Administrative Exile"

IN connection with the new conditions prevailing in Soviet Russia the Soviet Government seems to be abandoning the former merciless struggle against its opponents and resorting to more humane methods in its dealings with its enemies. The first step toward this attitude is embodied in the decree on administrative exile. Earlier information concerning this new decree conveyed the impression that the measure aimed at depriving all counter-revolutionary suspects of every means of legal defense and at giving them over to the mercy of the officials. The text of the decree as printed in the Moscow *Izvestia* of August 18, however, shows that certain guaranties are provided for the orderly conduct of cases in which punishment by administrative exile is involved. Following is the full text of the decree:

DECISION OF THE ALL-RUSSIAN CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ON ADMINISTRATIVE EXILE

The All-Russian Central Executive Committee decrees:

1. In the case of persons involved in counter-revolutionary attempts, when the Praesidium of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee has been asked for permission to keep them under arrest without trial for more than two months,* and in those cases in which imprisonment is considered unnecessary, administrative exile abroad or to certain parts of the RSFSR is allowed.

2. Questions relating to the exile of individual persons should be tried by a special commission of the Commissariat of Home Affairs acting under the chairmanship of the People's Commissar of Home Affairs and including representatives of the Commissariat of Home Affairs and Commissariat of Justice confirmed in their offices by the Praesidium of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

3. Decisions on the exile of each individual person must be accompanied by detailed statements of the causes of exile.

4. In a decision on exile the place of exile and the term of same must be indicated.

5. A list of places of exile will be confirmed by the Central Executive Committee upon the recommendation of the commission.

6. The term of administrative exile cannot exceed three years.

7. Persons exiled are deprived, for the term of their exile, of the right to vote and to run for office.

8. Those exiled to certain parts of the RSFSR will be under the supervision of the local organ of the State Political Department which will assign the exile to the particular locality where he is to dwell.

9. Running away from the place of exile or escaping on the way to such place is punishable in a court of law according to Article 95 of the criminal code.

On the basis of the present decision the All-Russian Central Executive Committee will issue detailed instructions to the local organs.

Chairman of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee,
M. KALININ

Secretary of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee,
A. YENUKIDZE

Kremlin, Moscow, August 10, 1922

* Without special permission of the Central Executive Committee no person may be kept under arrest without trial for a period exceeding two months.

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